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Poetry.

For THE BLADE.

WIFE HUNTING.

BY ELSIE L. JACOBS.

I have hunted on the mountains,
I have hunted on the plain;
I have hunted during snow storms,
I have hunted during rain;
But of all the care and worry,
Of this careworn busy life,
Is the time I spent one summer,
Hunting, hunting for a wife.

If I found one that was pretty,
She was sure to be a prude;
If I found one that was witty,
She would turn out to be rude.

If I found one that was healthy,
She would surely homely be;
If I found one that was wealthy,
Then she wouldn't look at *me*.

For the rich ones all were haughty,
And the poor ones all were proud;
While the brightest ones were naughty,
And the cutest ones were loud.

I didn't want a small brunette,
And a blonde I could not get;
I wouldn't have a sly coquette,
For they cause a man to fret.

If one were found with eyes of blue,
Then perhaps her teeth were false;
If one were found both sweet and true,
She would think it wrong to waltz.

If one were found with golden curls,
Rather vain to me she'd look;
If one were found with teeth like pearls,
She wouldn't know how to cook.

I have roamed this wide world over,
And am almost tired of life;
O who will help this bachelor,
To find a p. rfect wife?

For THE BLADE.

THE LOVER'S ASSURANCE.

BY CARL BRANN.

With hands clasped stood the twain where
they must part;
With heaving breast she spoke, with throbbing heart:
"In Love's hot furnace thou must tempered be
And turned upon the anvil of God's will,
Where fast the sturdy blows must batter thee,
And shape thee to one beam in God's great mill.
Thou'rt in the rough, but lately digged from earth,
Where, undiscovered, no one knew thy worth.
Sweet passion's magnet drew thee from thy bed
Amid the dross, and dropped thee at my feet;
Nay, look not on the scene in constant dread
Because the blows fall hard, though ease be sweet:
For turning in God's mill is thy true fate,
And thy reward, my lover, shall be great."

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

Bring out the rusty garden rake,
Hunt up the hoe and spade,
For spring is here, and it is time
To have the garden made.

Your wife will lean upon the fence
And watch you while you work.
She's always prompt to give advice,
She'll never let you shirk.

Don't waste your time in trying to tell
The bulbs from worthless weeds;
Dig them all up; that's easiest, and
You'll need the room for seeds.

Work hard, man, you won't break your back,
Though you may fear you may.
Don't stop to lean upon your spade—
Think what your wife will say.

Then when you've got the garden dug,
The seeds all out of sight,
You'd better hire a gardener
To do it over right.

—[Somerville Journal.

For THE BLADE.

WHAT SHE COULDN'T SING.

BY BERT H. WHITAKER.

"I cannot sing the old songs,"
Came floating up the stairs;
And it sent chills o'er me creeping,
As it took me unawares.

The voice was high and squeaky,
The piano out of tune;
And I knew if it continued
I'd be frantic very soon.

So I called out loudly, "Madam,
I quite agree with you,
And hope you'll soon discover
That you cannot sing the *new*."

Miscellany.

A CASH GIRL'S STORY.

The Pathos of a Tiny Worker's Weary Task and the Brave Heart That Beats Within the Maiden's Little Breast.

"Cash! Cash!"

The words rang out like music on the bright springtime morning, for Chauncey Tapecounter's voice was clear and sweet, and more than one gentle tender heart beat faster down along the line of the white goods department, past where the drive in five-button gloves had been arranged for the day, and even as far from where he stood as the gents' neckwear counter.

There was a moment of silence, followed instantly by more silence. Chauncey's light blue eyes came within an ace of flashing, but just failed to make it. He was real mad, however, and Miss Effingham, the young lady across the aisle, at the perfumery kiosque, saw clearly that a storm was brewing.

"Cash! Cash!"

Again the words rang out on the soft receptive atmosphere, but their sweetness was gone, and the music of the voice that uttered them had changed to the harsh tones of one moved by bitterness and anger. The proud man, stung to the quick by the covert sneers of Freddie Waltzstep, who was draping two yards of Hamburg edging over the head and bust of a Grecian goddess labeled "Fresco's Face Powder Defies Detection," grew almost livid as another short interval of silence followed his second call of the mystic words.

Chauncey could feel every fibre of his being growing tense under the strain of the moment, and he instinctively knew that while the rich blue blood had fled from his face, leaving him pale as chiselled putty, that in a moment more it would surge back and that every lady and gentleman in that part of the store would have seen what they had never seen before, Chauncey Tapecounter blushing with shame at the ignoring of his call by a mere cash girl.

And then, echoing along the empty aisle—for as yet no bargain hunter had penetrated into the happy hunting ground, and the floor-walker for that section was still three blocks away on a Sixth avenue car—and then there came echoing along the empty aisle the sound of little footsteps pattering rapidly toward where Chauncey stood. Not a whisper broke in upon the otherwise deathly stillness, and the pattering footsteps had it all to themselves. Off in another part of the great store, perhaps on the second floor, where the carpets were—perhaps in the distant corner where the great soda fountain reared its stately columns—there was heard the sound of laughter, and it jarred on the overwrought feelings of the quiet aisle down which the little footsteps were pattering.

She was a timid-looking child, slender, pale, poorly clad and with great lustrous dark eyes that stared from her pinched face as in search of something precious seen dimly through the mists of the not-get-at-able. In the bosom of her rusty dress she had pinned a single rosebud, a poor bedraggled little rosebud that the child had picked up in the street the evening before in going home from work, and to which she had given a little semblance of new life by keeping it over night in a broken teacup of water on the window ledge of the miserable room she knew as home.

Her hair was a mass of tangled golden curls that formed a lovely frame around the pleading little face, and as she came hurrying toward Chauncey there was something in the worried, anxious look she wore that caused more than one heart among the silent spectators of the scene to feel a thrill of pity for the child.

The angry man felt that the crisis had passed and that he was saved from the horrible mortification of the dreaded blush, but the passionate frenzy of his hatred of the scarce more than baby girl who had caused the scene that had so nearly ended in the utter loss of his dignity as a sales gentlemen forbade the entrance of mercy into his soul.

Drawing himself to his full height of five feet three and seven eighths, and expanding his 33-inch chest a full quarter of an inch more, he assumed so withering an expression that the leaves of the weary little rosebud on the child's breast let go their grip and fluttered to the floor. Then in a cold, sneering tone he said:

"And so, Miss Vanderbilt, you think you can keep me waiting, do you, and that I am here in entire charge of this ribbon department just to exercise my voice in calling lazy little hussies like you a second time? Well, just let me tell you that it's no such thing, and you'd better look sharp when I call next time, or I'll see that you're reported; you horrid, good-for-nothing, impertinent brat."

The little maiden stood, at first, as if turned to stone under this torrent of maddened invective, and then trembled nervously as she glanced hurriedly to the right and left as if seeking some avenue of escape, while it took all the effort she was capable of making to keep back the scalding tears that swelled up in her great black eyes.

Twice she tried to speak, and twice her voice faltered and forsook her, but at last there came new strength, and the weak little frame seemed endowed with fresh vigor, the faltering voice to take a clear, crisp tone of silver bells.

"See here, Chawnce," she said, while the others hung on her words with all the powers of their various assorted styles of mental grip. "Now you see here, what youse wants to do is to quit sassin' us cash ladies and let some of der wind out of yer big head. See? I'm givin' it to yer dead straight, sonny, and yer can back what I sez wid yer whole wad, fer what I sez goes. See? Me big brudder heered me tellin' Katie Sweeney what yer lay was wid us cash ladies, and he sez: 'Say, Nance, just you tell his whiskers dat if he don't quit jumpin' on you and yer ladifriens dat yer big brudder'll trump de tar out uv 'im. See? and youse can bet he'll do it, an' do it right, too. See?"

* * * * * * *

Silverstone Goldenburger, the Merchant Prince, sat in his private office reading his paper. A low cry came in over the transom, hit him simultaneously on both ears and vanished. He rang his bell, and as the clerk who answered the call came in the rich merchant noted that he looked rattled.

"What cry was that I heard a moment since?"

The reply was slowly given. "I regret to say, sir, it was the last earthly cry of Chauncey Tapecounter, head of the ribbon department. He just dropped dead from heart disease."

* * * * * *

That night in her wretched home the cash girl told with bated breath of the tragedy of the morning, and later, as her tired limbs had sunk upon the pillow and the drowsy god of slumber cast his spell upon her, she sank into his restful arms and muttered as a sweet, plaintive smile passed over her face: "Oh, it was too easy, too easy, see?"

STYLES IN MEN'S HAIR.

A Little Taste Requisite to Suit the Head It Is On.

Men do not pay sufficient attention to their hair, affirms the New York *Barber*. They dress well, buy nobby foot and head gear, but often ignore the proper cut of their hair. In nine cases out of ten look at a man's head when he removes his hat and you can readily distinguish his quality. A gentleman never shaves his head close unless the condition of his hair requires it. Let the hair grow to a proper length, ordinarily from one and a half to two and a half inches, and it should conform to the skull and serve to conceal defects of contour and glaring deficiencies. A big man with a thick, fleshy neck usually takes delight in shaving his head with a convict-like closeness until he bears a resemblance to a prize fighter. He should let his hair grow long in the back without reaching down over his neck; that is, it should be lopped off gradually at the bottom. Grover Cleveland wears his that way, whereas if it were cut close it would look abominable. A still greater aid in such cases is to part the hair slightly in the back. A person with a slim neck is not so easily advised. If he has a big bump at the base of the skull he should wear hair cut as short as possible without becoming vulgar. A low forhead should have the hair pushed upward. Persons with narrow temples should comb the hair on each side forward instead of brushing it back, as is generally the case. Instruct the barber to cut that which grows closest to the temple extremely close, and by overlapping the thicker portions in front and cutting them off precisely where the forehead ends, the effect is of wide temples merely covered by the hair. Above all things do not let the tonsorial fiend, as he often does, hack away the growth behind the ears.

IN SLAVE DAYS.

A New Orleans Mob That Nearly Lynched a Beautiful Woman.

Thirty or forty years ago a New Orleans mob uprose in behalf of a negro slave, and undertook to avenge his cruel treatment. Not only this. They pursued and would have hanged the owner of the unfortunate slave. That owner was a beautiful woman, immensely wealthy, and the giver of sumptuous entertainments. The story is one of the most thrilling in the history of the city.

It was whispered that the lady in the case ill-treated certain of her slaves, kept them chained in a dungeon, and subjected them to starvation. She was, however, a woman of great wealth and influence, and managed to quiet these rumors. A fire occurred on her estate, whether started by some of the slaves or not is not recalled. When citizens flocked to the place and began to tear down the burning building, the awful evidence of the maltreated slaves met their eyes. One of the poor creatures was chained. The fury of the mob was fearful. They besieged the palace of the beautiful woman, who, with unparalleled boldness, ordered her coachman to drive to her door, dressed in her most brilliant costume, and, with as much composure as if she was taking her usual evening drive, stepped in and directed the coachman to whip up his horses. The mob followed, but she distanced them. She managed to make one of the ships in the harbor, and escaped to Paris.—[Richmond State.

Three Against One.

At whist, a gentleman loses the odd trick, upon which the rubber turned, through the bad play of his partner, who failed to respond to his call for trumps, and so ruined a magnificent hand and good game.

"Hard lines," said a friend who was looking on, sympathetically and significantly.

"Yes," was the reply, "but what could one do against three such adversaries?"—[All the Year Round.

What's the Use.

Col. Tom Ochiltree and Maurice Barrymore recently had a passage-at-arms in the Hoffman House, and for a time the colonel held his own gallantly. But at last the rapid fire of raillery which Barrymore kept up proved too much for him and he retired from the field. Taking up his hat and holding it out to Barrymore, he cried:

"Kick it, Barry, kick it; I'm not in it."

Then what's the use of kicking it?" inquired Barry, blandly.—[N. Y. Recorder.

Choosing a Character.

Wee Miss—"Mamma, mayn't I take the part of a milkmaid at the fancy ball?"

Mamma—"You are too little."

Wee Miss—"Well, I can be a condensed milkmaid."—[Street & Smith's Good News.

Not Her Own.

"In the bright lexicon of youth," simpered Miss Olemade, "there's no such word as fail."

"Ah," queried Miss Bud, kindly, "whose lexicon have you."—[Boston Post.

LEGENDS RELATING TO MUSIC.

The Origin of the Chinese Scale—A Cruel Hindoo Emperor.

The Chinese claim to have obtained their musical scale from a miraculous bird. There are also traditions regarding the inventions of musical instruments. The most popular ones of the Chinese are assigned to a period when China was under the sway of "heavenly spirits," about B. C. 3,000.

Confucius, the great Celestial philosopher, on one occasion, happening to hear some divine music, is reported to have been so enraptured as not to have tasted food for three months. It is a Japanese tradition that the Sun Goddess, in resentment of the violence of a brother, retired into a cave, leaving the universe in darkness. The gods, in their concern for the welfare of mankind, devised music to draw her from her retreat, and were successful.

An old Swedish tradition tells of a harper who made his instrument out of the bones of a young girl killed by a wicked woman. Her fingers were the turning screws and her golden hair the strings. The Harper played and the murderess was killed.

The Hindoos tell of days long gone when the gods forbade mortals to sing a certain song on pain of being burned to death. A cruel emperor once commanded a celebrated musician to sing that song. In vain the unhappy man attempted to excuse himself. The emperor was firm.

The musician, after bidding his family an affectionate farewell, placed himself in the waters of the Jumna until they reached his neck. After he had sung a strain or two the water became hot and began to boil. In terrible agony, the musician pleaded again to be excused, but the inexorable monarch commanded that the song be finished. The musician continued his singing, and, although immersed in water, flames burst from his body and it was reduced to ashes.

The legendary fairies are proverbially fond of music, and are described as a "numerous, merry people, always singing like crickets." Among the many stories told about them is the following: "A New Zealand chief had gone out with his dogs to hunt. When night came on he found himself on the top of a high hill. Then it was that the fairies approached and almost frightened him to death.

"He lighted a fire and that scared them a little. Whenever the fire blazed up brightly off went the fairies and hid themselves, and when it burned low back they came close to it, singing and dancing merrily. The terrified chief suddenly bethought him of his jaspar neck ornament and his earring made from the tooth of a shark.

"Hastily tearing them from his person, he placed them on a stick driven into the ground. The fairies approaching looked at the jewels and finally took the shadow from them and departed, leaving the trinkets on the stick.

Then, too, there is the characteristic Irish story of Maurice Connor, a celebrated bag-piper. One day, as he was playing on the seashore, a beautiful lady with green hair came up from the sea, dancing and singing most charmingly.

When she invited him to go with her and to marry her he could not resist. Thus Maurice Connor became the husband of the beautiful sea nymph. And the union was happy, too, for say the people of Kerry, on a still night the sounds of a bagpipe off the coast are heard, and they are quite sure that it is Connor's music which they hear.

The story is told of a famous Arab musician named Al-Farabi, who appeared, in disguise, before the court of Caliph of Bagdad, while that monarch was enjoying his daily concert. Al-Farabi was permitted to exhibit his skill. He began to sing in a peculiar way and accompanied himself on the lute. All the courtiers laughed ironically. Suddenly the musician changed his tune, and his audience were moved to tears. Again he sang and played. This time with such effect that the courtiers became furious and would have fought each other had not the musician appeased them. Al-Farabi concluded his entertainment by soothing his auditors to sleep.

THACKERAY AND DICKENS.

No Real Cordiality or Intimacy Ever Existed Between the Novelists.

A monograph on Thackeray has just been published, in which there are allusions to a close friendship which is alleged to have existed between him and Dickens. As a matter of fact there never was any real intimacy or cordiality between Thackeray and Dickens, for indeed, did they meet often in private life, and their "society" was essentially different.

For many years Thackeray was bitterly jealous of Dickens, and after the publication of "Vanity Fair" Dickens certainly reciprocated that sentiment to a considerable extent. Dickens was unsparing in his criticisms of the works which Thackeray published during the last seven years of his life, and Thackeray frequently indulged in rather reckless strictures upon the novels of Dickens. Each man had his partisans, and, although amicable relations apparently prevailed, there was not even a pretense of real friendship.

It is stated in the book that the friendship was restored after "the Garrick Club quarrel" had interrupted it. The "quarrel" in question took place during the autumn of 1858, and it was in December, 1858, only a few days before Thackeray's death, that the rivals met by chance in the hall of the Athenæum, shook hands and conversed together for a few minutes.

Dickens was much exasperated in 1857 on learning that Thackeray had commented, with characteristic asperity upon his "friend's" matrimonial troubles generally, and particularly regarding "the insane" publication by Dickens, in *Household Words*, of a "statement" respecting his separation from his wife. The irritation which Dickens felt was increased when he later on discovered that Thackeray had constituted himself one of the principal partisans of Mrs. Dickens, and had invited that lady to dine at his house in company with a large party.

The mutual jealousy which had for years existed between Thackeray and Dickens was perfectly notorious to all their friends, and was a subject of common talk at both the Athenæum and the Garrick, and I do not see the object of now printing sentimental nonsense about their relations. We shall be hearing next of the cordial friendship which existed between Croker and Macaulay, or between Wordsworth and Jeffrey, or between Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi. —[Letter in London Truth.

EUROPEAN BATTLE TACTICS.

Entirely Changed by the New Rifles and Powder.

Yesterday, at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall yard, the second session of the year was opened by a lecture on the new tactics of Continental, and especially German, troops, the lecturer being Capt. J. M. Grierson, R. A., deputy assistant adjutant-general, who has attended the manœuvres of the German army for the last two years.

Capt. Grierson said that with the enormous masses of men who would appear upon the Continental battlefields of the future it became of the utmost importance to shorten the marching columns, and various experiments were made by the Germans to carry this out. The plan now adopted was to move on as broad a front as the road permitted, with the ranks closed up. In the German army it was the inevitable practice to carry out all manœuvres with the infantry, and generally all the other arms, in marching order; and the men were thus accustomed to manœuvre in peace as they would fight in war. As to smokeless powder, one required to see it used to grasp the enormous difference this material would make in the appearance of the battlefield of the future. At a few yards' distance only a faint blue haze was seen when a single rifle was fired, and even when large bodies were using their rifles as repeaters the smoke was so slight as to make no real difference to those firing. The new powder must give a great advantage to troops on the defensive.

Then, as to the adoption of the magazine rifle, this had necessitated the supply of additional ammunition, and had increased the difficulties of distribution. All continental armies appeared to have endeavored to solve the problem by "fractioning" the supply, and had adopted light company ammunition wagons instead of the old battalion wagons. As to the new small-calibre rifle, the lecturer said that more than by smokeless powder, more even than by the repeating principle, had tactical formations been affected by this rifle. The weapon with which the German infantry was armed was used entirely as a repeater, and not, as with us, as a single loader; and he called attention to the increased distance at which the German soldier was expected to hit. Regulations were laid down that between 660 and 880 yards closed bodies in the open or behind detective cover could only be allowed to remain halted, or to move to a flank, for a short time, and that only when the fire of the shooting line covering them was in a measure equal to that of the enemy. If under artillery fire, the companies formed line at about 1,530 metres. German infantry always moved on at the "quick," and thus kept their breath, and were thus in good form for shooting when halted. Generallp half a shooting line of a battalion moved forward covered by the fire the half remaining in position.

The fire discipline was better maintained in the German than in other systems. He then spoke of the remarkable grip the officers had of the supports and reserves, and dwelt upon the fact that in the supreme moment of a contest the "parade step" was assumed, the drums beat, and the bands played the regimental march. The men in front knew from the drums and the music that their comrades were coming, and so acquired that new strength of mind which was only second to strength of body. Little use was made in the German army of volley firing, and infantry fire at long ranges was quite the exception. Great use was made by the German infantry of the intrenching tools, with which every second man was provided.

As to the mounted infantry, the lecturer said every Continental nation rejected it absolutely. If infantry were required to keep up with cavalry they were conveyed in carts. Even the Russians seemed to be changing their ideas about their dragoons, who were armed with rifles and bayonets, and trained to fight on foot. Then, as to artillery, it was shown that the proportion of guns to an army would be enormously increased, and the work of the masses of guns would be facilitated by the smokeless powder.—[London Times.

AMERICAN AMERICANS.

Not In It—How the Elements Run Things in San Francisco.

A writer in the Fairhaven (Wash.) *Herald* says he once attended a ward convention in the city of San Francisco, which, in as few words as possible, might have been thus, and truthfully reported:

Mr. Ted McGinty took the floor and addressed the chair.

"Misther Chairman: Oi have been delegated to presint to this convintion for nomination as the candidate for constable Misther Terrence O'Toole to represint the Irish-Amirikin element av this ward, and Oi am instructed to say to this convintion that if he is not nominated not a bloody vote will yez ticket get from the Irish-Amirikins av this ward."

Mr. O'Toole was nominated and Hans Hooflemaa took the floor, and thus addressed the convention:

"Meester Jeerman, der German-American olemonts fon dis vard vas onsist on ter nomination von Mynheer Yawcob Strauss os der gandidad von dees vard vor gounselman os der representative von der German-American vons. Und I vos tolt yon of dot Yawcob Strauss dond got dot nominations der digid dond got some German-American vodes."

Mr. Strauss was nominated and Jacques Crapeaud took the floor, thus addressing the chair:

"Moos'r Chairman: I haf ze distang honnaire to prasont to zees convantione, as canzidot for schoostaz of—nh, vot you call?—ah, schoostaz of ze puce—ze mom of mer distang fellow—zeetasong Pierre Trabeeong, to roprezont ze French-American alemong av zees ward. Oon I haf ze bonnaire to presont zees as ze demand of ze French alamong of zees convantione shall obtain wan Franch vote for zees tickette."

Mons. Trabeeong was nominated and so on it went, until a bright little other Irishman took the floor and said:

"Mister Chairman, I was thinkin' heere for some time past now, that it was gettin' to be near time that this convintion was nominatin' some one to ripristint the Amirikin-Amirikin clement av this ward."

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

A Lady Can't Be Drunk Every Night in the Week.

It was an East Side ball, given by an East Side political organization, and the joy was destitute of fetters. One of the young men present had a cheerful disposition and a waistcoat so loud that he should have played it with the soft pedal. The young woman upon whom he bestowed his demonstrative attentions seemed, for some reason or other, to be in ill-humor. Gloom rested on her brow; her remarks were sententious and acrid. After a while, says the New York *Times*, the young man became justly indignant at her lack of geniality and her failure to enter properly into the spirit of the occasion.

"Wot's der matter wid yer, anyhow?" he asked with an injured air. "Youse was chipper enough last night at Terry Grogan's party!"

She eyed him disdainfully for a moment; then, apparently feeling that she owed him an explanation, said with an appealing emphasis:

"Jimmy, yer can't expect a lady to be full every night."

High and Low Life.

Society Youth—"Say, Jack, can't you lend me $5? I've got to take a lady to the opera to-night."

Poor Clerk—"Yes, George, I can; but you received a check from your father this morning."

S. Y.—"Oh, the fact is, I stepped into my tailor's to get a necktie and hadn't anything but the check with me, and the rascal, instead of handing me the change, gave me a receipt for balance due."—[Street & Smith's Good News.

Taking No Chances.

"You are a pharmacist, are you?"

"I am."

"Been in the business a number of years?"

"I have."

"Registered?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is your diploma hanging over there?"

"It is."

"Well, you may give me a pound of borax."—[Brooklyn Life.

Everybody Broke.

Debroke—It's no use denying that times are hard. I tested the matter thoroughly this morning.

Jackson—How?

Debroke—I accosted a dozen prominent citizen whom I met on the street and asked each one for the loan of $5 for a short time only. Would you believe that not one of the twelve had that paltry sum in his pocket?—[Harper's Bazar.

Childish Simplicity.

As the family is about to sit down to dinner, the news of the death of an aunt is received. Suddenly little Emilie asks, looking longingly at the well-filled plate:

"Papa, must we cry now, or can we wait till we have eaten dinner.—[Fliegende Blatter.

Gave Himself Away.

Mrs. Sharpeye (at a hotel)—"That couple try to act as if they had been married for years, but I know they are on their wedding tour."

Mr. Sharpeye—"Guess not."

Mrs. S.—"Yes they are. He gave her the tenderloin of the steak."—[New York Weekly.

Our Serial Story.

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BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VERY OBSTINATE SAILBOAT.

"Cast off the painter, and shove her off," said Laud, but he spoke in a low tone, and a loving grandmother could not have been more mild and gentle; and the order was promptly obeyed.

All was lovely now, for the chief had come down from his high horse, or rather the animal had "thrown" him, and he recalled the example of Dr. Pemberton, who spoke to his father with extreme politeness, though the major was his enemy. Laud felt that he had a large sum of money in his pocket, and that is very apt to make even men, as well as boys, feel very good.

He could not enjoy the excursion alone, and he was willing to be very liberal with his companions, but they must understand that they had no rights of their own. He had pictured in his imagination a very brilliant frolic on the excursion, and they might even go to some of the great cities of the country, live at a great hotel, and have a magnificent time in general.

Laud had not the ghost of a doubt in regard to the possession of the large sum of money, for he could still feel the package in his breast pocket. It was there beyond the possibility of a cavil, though he had not yet had an opportunity to examine his stolen funds. He had been too sleepy to think of the package the night before, and since he got up in the morning his two friends had been with him all the time.

"Here we are, and I rather think we are all right now," said the financier of the expedition, as he put his hand on his chest and felt the valuable package.

"Perhaps we are," added Cy. "But it remains to be proved whether or not we have drawn a prize in this lottery."

"What do you mean by that, Cy?" asked Laud, a little startled by the suggestion.

"I suppose you are aware that this is a sailboat, Laud, and we might as well attempt to row Noah's ark."

"Of course I am aware that she is a sailboat, and a first rate one, according to Knox Barnwood. All we have to do is to hoist the sails, and she will go it without any help from oars," replied Laud, relieved of the fear that another rebellion was brewing.

"All right; but it takes a sailor to handle a ship. Do you think you can manage her, and make her go where you wish to go?" suggested Cy.

"I can manage her well enough," replied Laud, who could do everything that anybody else could do.

"Did you ever handle a sailboat?"

"I never did, but I know how to do it."

"All right if you do. I was going to say that Lark knows something about sailing a boat," added Cy, glancing at the master's son.

"Not much," protested Lark. "I have been with my father in a sailboat on a pond, and I learned something about the way to do it."

Laud had no idea of letting another fellow command a boat in which he sailed; but he was prudent enough, after the lesson he had learned on shore, not to say a word.

Walnut Bay was landlocked in the high region, and there was very little wind. The mainsail was left hoisted, but it hardly felt the air. There was a pair of oars in the sloop, and it was decided to row the Marian out into the lake. It was not an easy job, the oarsmen found, quite different from pulling the club-boats; but the distance was short, and they accomplished it after a deal of hard work.

The fog was beginning to dissipate, driven away by a rather fresh wind from the southwest, but the sail did not begin to feel it till the Marian had passed beyond the high point at the south of the entrance to the bay.

"I suppose Knox must be somewhere about Rockwood," said Lark, as they were approaching the lake. "He can't be near the bay, or he would have heard us."

"I don't know where he is, and I don't care," replied Laud. "I owe him one for the way he treated me yesterday, and I am glad of this chance to pay him off in part."

"I don't think he will be able to get any dinner to-day, for there is no hotel at the Rockwood," added Cy.

"There is none on the lake either, and we are likely to want something to eat," suggested Lark.

"We shall miss the commissary's basket," Laud began; but he checked himself, for he meant to keep the peace, for the present, at least. "We shall have a first-rate dinner when we get to Donganna."

Just at this moment the sloop passed the point, and suddenly she heeled over so that she had nearly taken in a barrel of water or so, very much to the discomfiture of the nerves of all the party. Laud was at the helm, and of course he put the tiller the wrong way. The wind came from the southward, and it seemed to him that the mischief was in that direction, and he put the helm the other way.

The effect was to point the boat up the channel, and she flew around in a very lively manner, and the boom darted over with the sail, filling on the other side, heeling her over again so that she dipped on the starboard side. The two oarsmen took in their oars, and put them in the place provided for them. Lark knew what the matter was, but he decided not to say a word. The sloop righted, and then went ahead up The Pass.

Laud did not know what to do. The Marian was going before the wind, but in the wrong direction. Cyril began to fear that they might upset the sloop, for he had heard Knox say she would sink if she filled with water, for she was heavily ballasted. The water was very deep in The Pass, and the sailboat was in the middle of it by this time.

"Something ails this boat," said Laud, puzzled by the antics in which she indulged. "She don't work worth a cent."

"Of course you are managing her in the right way," added Cy. "I don't think we care to go much farther in this direction, Laud, for Knox's folks may see us."

"All right; I will come about now," replied the amateur skipper; and he put the helm up again, as he had before; but he did it with fear and trembling.

Lark knew what the consequence of this movement of the rudder would be; but he determined to let the commander have his way. He had it, and over went the boom and sail with a tremendous bang, and the sloop scooped up at least a barrel of water.

"You will upset her!" said Cy with emphasis, for he could not swim, and he was in mortal terror of a catastrophe.

"I give it up!" exclaimed Laud, in as much terror as Cy. "This boat is good for nothing, and she will drown the whole of us. I think we had better take down the sail."

"Let Lark try it," suggested Cy.

"Can you manage her, Lark?" asked Laud turning to the cashier's son, though not, even in this critical time, without a sense of humiliation.

"I think I can," answered Lark modestly.

"Try it then; but I am sure the boat is not good for anything," added the commander, as he resigned his place at the helm to the new skipper.

The Marian was rapidly whirling around, and in another instant there would have been another going over of the sail, and another dip of water; but Lark shifted the helm in time to save it. He brought the head of the craft up against the wind, and she came about like a lady, and without any shock. He took the boat when she was on the starboard tack, headed for the Highlands shore, and very near it.

The mainsail had hardly filled before it was time to tack again, or she would get aground. Lark was not a heathen, and he put the helm down instead of up, as Laud had done it. The sloop went up into the wind with the sail shaking, and she came about as gently as a lady would turn in a waltz with only a flutter of dry goods. On this tack he had to run nearly across the channel.

"You are not getting ahead much, Lark," said Laud, glad to find something to criticise in the management of his successor.

"Not much on this tack," replied Lark; "but I don't pretend to know how to sail a boat," added the skipper.

It was necessary to come about again, and it was done as before. On this tack he headed the sloop for the southeast point on the channel; but he could not quite fetch by it, and he tacked again. Captain Barnwood's house was near the shore, and he kept under the land so as not to attract the attention of the occupants. Another tack brought the Marian by the point, and then she headed due south.

"Now, Cy, we want the jib hoisted," said the skipper.

"I might hoist the bottom of the lake, or some of it, but in all proper humiliation, I am willing to confess that I don't know how to hoist the jib," replied Cy, laughing.

"Then go forward and learn, for I don't know any better than you do. The only boat I ever sailed didn't have any jib to hoist," added the skipper.

Cy obeyed, and after he had studied the affair a while he succeeded in setting the jib, but the sheet blew out, and things were snarled. "I am all mixed up like a batch of doughnuts," called Cy from the forecastle.

Lark was something of a philosopher, though not much of a skipper. He studied the thing for a few moments, and then he threw the head up into the wind, as in tacking. The sheet came home, and Cy seized it, making it fast at the traveler, as he had seen it done the day before.

With this additional sail Lark found he could sail closer to the wind than before, and for two miles the Marian went along very prettily. The wind was what would be called a good breeze. It was exceedingly pleasant sailing, and Laud declared that it was a great deal more satisfactory than rowing.

"What time is it, Laud?" asked the skipper, as the sloop approached the peninsula, a mile from the mouth of Donganna river.

"Half past one," replied Laud, consulting his gold watch.

"It begins to feel like dinner time," added Lark.

"We will dine at the hotel," said Laud, without any allusion to the basket on the contents of which he had expended about two dollars and a half; but he did not care for money, for he thought of the package in his pocket.

The skipper came about again, heading out into the lake till he could lay a course that would take the sloop by the peninsula. When he had doubled it the mouth of the river was reached. Up this stream, which was half a mile wide nearly up to the town, the Marian had a free sheet, and she made good time.

"We are almost there," said the skipper. "What do you suppose Knox is about this time?"

"Over at Rockwood, where we left him," replied Laud. "I hope he will have to stay there for the next three days."

"He has no boat, and he will have to stay there," added Cy.

"It will take me a week or two to forget how he dragged me out of the boat last night," continued Laud. "If I have another week I shall get even with him."

"But he will get over to the Highlands in some way, and the next thing he will do will be to come in search of his sloop."

"He has no boat."

The excursionists were not alarmed about the boat for the present.

"But Ray Pemberton may go to the Highlands, and they may come in the Sylvia to look for the Marian. I did not think of that," said Lark.

"Let them come; all we want in Donganna is a dinner. As soon as we get there we shall take the next train for some other place," added Laud.

In another hour they had eaten the dinner and taken the train.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RETURN OF THE SKIPPER OF THE MARIAN.

Ray Pemberton had been sent by his father in search of the runaways. He had left them, when he escaped from them, at Lyon's bay; and he had expected to find them there, or somewhere in that vicinity. They were not where he left them. The Duckwoods had searched Rockwood, had shouted lustily, but could neither see nor hear anything of Laud and his party.

They had followed the peninsula nearly to the mouth of Bush creek with the same result. Ray then decided to go through the pass into Lake Donganna. He hardly expected to find the runaways in this direction, for they must be very hungry by this time, and they could not obtain food in this direction. It was a walk of twelve miles by the west shore to Donganna, and they were not likely to take such a tramp on empty stomachs.

"You'll not find them on Lake Donganna," said Frank Paxton.

"They may have gone across the peninsula, though I do not think they have," replied Ray.

"They would not go that way; they are hungry and they will move in the direction of something to eat," added the stoke companion.

"Precisely; a masterless dog does that. From the high ground south of Walnut bay, the pass is less than half a mile wide, and Captain Barnwood's house is near the shore. They may have gone there, hoping to make themselves seen with the help of signals. If we don't find them there, we shall not find them at all," argued Ray.

"I think they will go the other way," added Frank.

"We are out for a cruise, and we may as well go into Lake Donganna as anywhere else," replied Ray.

The club followed the coast on Lake Donganna for two miles, and it was 5 o'clock in the afternoon when the Sylvia reached The Pass on her return. Nothing was seen of the runaways, and it was thought that they must have retreated by the peninsula with the intention of walking back to Millonia.

The southern point at the entrance to Walnut bay was a high cliff, and it was directly opposite the buildings of Capt. Barnwood. There was a flat rock at the foot of it on the channel which could be reached by those who knew the way to do so; and this knowledge was confined to the single family at the Highlands. As the Sylvia approached the entrance to the bay, she was hailed by voices from the Platform, as the rock was called.

"Sylvia, ahoy!" was the shout that came to her; but Ray could not see the person who uttered it.

"There they are!" exclaimed Frank. "I wonder that they did not sing out when we came through The Pass before?"

"That didn't sound like Laud's voice," replied Ray. "On shore! Where are you?" he added in a loud voice.

"This way! This way!" replied the invisible speaker.

"That don't sound like Laud's voice," said Ray. "And it is no more like that of either of the fellows with him."

The crew seemed to be a little excited by the prospect of finding the runaways, and they gave way with increased power, while Ray headed the boat directly for the platform, though it could not yet be seen. A few strokes more enabled Ray, who was of course the only one facing ahead, to make out a form at the angle of the rocks. He could not see to whom it belonged, but the person was waving his hat as far out as he could reach.

"I see some one at the foot of the rocks, and he must be on the Platform," said Ray. "I can't tell whether or not it is Laud, for half of his body is behind the rocks. All right!" he shouted to the half visible person.

Nothing more was said, and in a few minutes more the boat reached the point. Ray had made up his mind that he was to see Laud and his companions, though the voice that hailed the Sylvia did not sound like that of any one of them; he had come in search of them, and he thought he ought to find them.

"How are you, Ray? I am glad to see you!" said the speaker on the rock.

"What! Is that you, Knox?" demanded the cockswain, very much surprised to find the skipper of the Marian instead of the runaways.

"Yes—what there is left of me," replied Knox.

"What are you doing here?" asked Ray, as the Sylvia came alongside the platform.

"I have been looking for a chance to get across the channel," answered the skipper. "Have you been down Lake Donganna, Ray?"

"Yes; a couple of miles along the north shore of it," replied the cockswain.

"Have you seen anything of the Marian down that way?"

"Not a thing," replied Ray, astonished at the question. "How should the Marian be down the lake when you are here?"

"That's what bothers me," replied Knox, laughing. "Rock Lyon and I went over to Rockwood in the sloop to look at the bounds of my father's land over there. We left the boat at the mouth of Walnut Brook, and we were gone about three hours, when it began to feel like dinner time. When we got back to the bay the Marian was not there."

"Why, what has become of her?" asked Ray, opening his eyes very wide.

"That is what beats me. I made her fast to a tree, and she ought to have staid there. There was a current there from the brook, even in this dry time; and I suppose the sloop broke loose, and has floated off down the lake."

"Have you seen anything of Laud Steele in those parts, Knox," asked Ray.

"Not a thing; are they over here?" inquired the skipper.

"I left them at Lyon's Bay this afternoon," replied Ray.

"That accounts for it," added Knox. "It was not the current that ran away with the Marian, for Laud has a talent for stealing boats. But just now Rock and I want some dinner more than we want anything else, and if you will set us ashore on the other side, we will attend to that matter at once."

"I can do better than that, Knox," replied Ray, as he took the basket from the stern sheets and stepped upon the platform. "I brought something for the runaways to eat; but I am better pleased to feed you than them."

"Good for you!" exclaimed Knox, as the cockswain placed the food upon a shelf of rock, where the hungry fellows could help themselves.

Dr.

Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes that Have Reached the Blade Book Table.

THE BLADE has received the first volume of the "Memoirs of the Prince De Talleyrand," from G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. It is edited with a preface and notes by the Duc De Broglie, of the French academy, and translated into English by Raphael Ledus Beaufort, with an introduction by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid. The appearance of this book has long been awaited with curiosity, for Talleyrand forbade its publication until after 30 years after his death. It was supposed his reasons were that there were scandalous revelations concerning great personages, which it would be better to suppress until considerable time had elapsed. It is found, however, that this is not the case. It is simply the record of the life of a man whose career was extraordinary.

"Chapters on the Theory and History of Banking," by Charles F. Dunbar, the professor of political economy in Harvard university, is published by G. P. Putnam Sons, New York city. The book is the outcome of a need of a more convenient manual on the subject.

Another valuable book from the Putnams, in the Health Series, is "Drinking-Water and Ice Supplies," by Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden. The author says, in his preface, that the little book was written to inform the householder how wholesome water may be obtained, both in towns and country.

In the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" from the Putnams come two volumes of "Representative Irish Tales." These are compiled with an introduction and notes by W. B. Yeats. These stories are full of the quaint humor, tragic feelings, and deep sentiment of the Irish people.

In Lovell's International series, comes the following in paper covers: "A Baffling Quest," by Richard Dowling, author of "The Mystery of Killard" and other stories; 'Forestalled; or, The Life Quest," by H. Bethan-Edwards, author of "The Parting of the Waves, "A Romance of the Wire," etc.; "A Brooke's Daughter", by Adeline Sergeant, author of "The Luck of the House," "A Life Sentence," etc. These are all well written and interesting stories. United States Book Co., 150 Worth street, New York.

A recent publication from D. Appleton & Co., of New York, is entitled "Adeline's Art Dictionary," which has been translated from the French and considerably enlarged. It claims to contain a complete index of terms used in art, architecture, heraldry and archæology. The volume contains nearly 2,000 illustrations, is printed upon fine paper, with a strong and tasteful cover in blue and gold.

From the American News Co., New York, comes "A Prince of Good Fellows," further described as a picture from life, written by "The Author of "A Woman of New Orleans." The author says that he was actuated in its composition by the desire to give "A great and useful picture of life upon the large cotton plantations lying on the Mississippi river." The author of this book, Mr. S. H. James, of Mount Madison, Paris, Louisiana, has endeavored to give us a plain story about plain people in plain language.

"A Field of Tares" is a novel by Clo. Graves, which is published by Harper & Bros., Franklin Square. This is a story full of tragedy.

In Lovell's Westminster series, comes in pamphlet form "The Fruits of Enlightment," by the well-known Russian author, Count Lyoff Tolstoi. This is a comedy in four acts. The action takes place in St. Petersburg, in the house of a noble family. United States Book Co., New York City.

In the Town and Country Library Series of D. Appleton & Co., New York, appears "Throckmorton," a novel by Mollie Elliot Seawell, the scene of which is laid in Virginia.

Harper & Bros., New York, publish the March number of the Franklin Square song collection which contains 200 favorite sons and hymns for schools and homes, nursery and fireside, selected by J. P. McCaskey.

"Ida Randolph of Virginia," is a historical novel in verse, by Caleb Harlan, which is that exceptional thing a story in verse. In the same volume is published "Elflora of the Susquehanna" which is also historical, the scenes and characters having been familiar to the author in his boyhood. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Sacred Solo has recently been issued by Ignaz Fischer, Toledo, O., entitled "Come Unto Me," which is something music lovers cannot fail to appreciate. The words of that exquisite hymn written by the late D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby,) have been set to music by W. A. Ogden, who has carried their spirit throughout. The result is a combination that appeals to the heart. The piece is dedicated to Mr. Robinson Locke. Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass.

LONDON BY NIGHT.

The Streets of the World's Metropolis Alive with Vicious People.

In the west end of London the condition of things at night would disgrace any enlightened community. It is almost impossible to pass through some of the most fashionable streets without being molested by hordes of these wretched children of the night, who almost hound down the male passers-by in their desperate efforts. The neighborhoods of the great hotels frequented by American tourists are especially infested by scores of human wolves, who, in their desperation, are ready for anything from persistent begging importunities to garroting or robbing with violence—if the opportunity only presents itself. A couple of weeks ago an American gentleman, who had just left a large hotel in central London, was suddenly surrounded by a gang of abandoned men and women, dragged into a courtyard, robbed of his watch, jewelry and money in a few seconds, and then kicked into insensibility.

Complaints have been made by American ladies of the annoyance to which they are subjected here, even when under the protection of husbands, brothers or friends, from the importunities of "unfortunate" women. The thing has been an open scandal for years, and the authorities have always seemed powerless to check it.

The spectacle which the fashionable Piccadilly presents at night has for a long time past been a disgrace to this metropolis. Although it is the main thoroughfare between the leading theaters and some of the most aristocratic districts, it is blocked every night by rows of women, decked out in gorgeous apparel and wearing flashing jewels, lying in wait for clubmen. A hideous case of depravity was in the papers a day or two ago. Two young women were arrested for some trifling offense while driving with two men in a cab. The police discovered that the cabman was the father of the two girls, and that the servant at the house where they lived in Shadwell was actually their mother.

Many are the perils which beset the unwary American visitor who strolls about the streets of London. Not the least of these are the professional "blackmailers," an infamous gang who are the pests of the modern Babylon. These vultures are of both sexes and woe betide the luckless individual who gets into their clutches. He will be confronted with the alternatives of trumped up charges entailing exposure, disgrace and social ruin or else must pay hush-money.

Let the American beware of the young, bright-eyed sirens who stroll demurely about the parks, the leading thoroughfares, or the quiet and exclusive nooks of the theaters here. These are some of the baits and decoys of the professional blackmailers and have been trained to endeavor, by all sorts of guiles and arts, to lead strangers into snares which will give the wretches who employ them opportunities of blackmailing.—[Chicago Mail's London Letter.

Money the Year Round.

Miss Smith says: "Can I make $20 per week in the plating business?" Yes. I make $4 to $8 per day plating tableware and jewelry and selling platers. H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, O., will give you full information. A plater costs $5. Business is light and honorable and makes money the year round.

A READER.

A Significant Present.

Mrs. Bronson—What did your husband give you as a present for your wooden wedding?

Mrs. Hicks—The mean thing gave me a handsomely painted decoy duck.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Good for Wales.

The Prince of Wales when asked who was the cleverest woman he had ever met, replied, "My sister, the Empress Frederick."

REMEMBER.

Remember, when the timid dawn uncloses
Her magic palace to the sun's bright beams;
Remember, when the pensive night reposes
Beneath her silvery veil in tender dreams,
When pleasure calls thee, when the heart is light,
When to sweet fancies shade invites at night—
List, through the deep woods ring
Sweet voices, murmuring
Remember!

Remember, when fate's cruel hand has broken
For aye the tie that bound my life with thine;
When, with long years and exile, grief unspoken,
Despairing heart and blasted hopes are mine,
Think of my sad love—think of my last adieu—
Absence and time are naught when love is true!
Long as my heart shall beat
Ever it shall repeat
Remember!

Remember, when beneath the cold ground lying,
My broken heart forever is at rest;
Remember, when some lonely flower is crying
Its petals soft to open on my breast,
Then will not see me; but my soul, set free,
Faithful in death, shall then return to thee;
Then hark to the sad moans
Of a deep voice that groans
Remember!

—Alfred de Musset.

AN ORTHOGRAPHIC SNAP.

Making Pretty Fair Wages Out of a Spelling Wrinkle.

"How do you spell 'choir'?" inquired a short, pudgy drummer as he sat at a table in the writing room of the Weddell House in Cleveland a few weeks ago. There were a dozen men busily writing at the same table, says the Chicago *Mail*, and as many more who were reading newspapers. The abruptness of the question caused the writers to pause in their work, for the question apparently had not been addressed to any particular individual. The speaker reflectively nibbled the end of a penholder while waiting for a reply.

A gentleman upon the opposite side of the table finally blurted out: "What kind of a 'choir' do you mean?"

"Why, a lot of singers in a church, you know. A church 'choir.'"

"Q—u—i—r—e."

"Thank you."

The drummer again dipped his pen in ink preparatory to resuming his letter-writing. The other gentlemen could scarcely conceal their mirth. Again the writer paused to say, half apologetically: "Blamed if I could tell how to spell it. Seemed to me it ought to be spelled with a 'c.' I was going to write it 'choir.'"

This was too much for the gravity of the crowd, and after a hearty laugh one of the gentlemen said: "Well, if I were in your place I'd spell it that way now, I think."

"Well, I thought I could hardly be mistaken about it," said the puzzled speller.

Meanwhile the gentleman who had so kindly volunteered to spell the word became very nervous and seemed inclined to get angry.

"There are different ways to spell the word 'choir,' he said, "and it makes all the difference in the world whether you are trying to spell the name of a body of singers in a church or a certain quantity of paper. If you mean a company of church singers it is 'q-u-i-r-e,' but if a quantity of paper it—"

"Well, hardly," remarked a flashily dressed New York drummer, laying down his pen. "You will pardon me, my friend, but you're wrong. You've got the two words mixed. 'Q-u-i-r-e' spells a paper quire, and 'c-h-o-i-r' spells a church choir."

"Not by a long shot, stoutly insisted the speller. 'Q-u-i-r-e' spells a church choir—or it used to do it when I went to school—and I've got money right here in my clothes which says that it spells it now."

The speaker was decidedly angry, while the rest of the crowd were rather amused at his disconfiture.

"Oh, well," remarked the New Yorker, airily, "it isn't worth while quarrelling about anyway, especially since it can be settled so easily. If you are so sure that 'q-u-i-r-e' spells choir suppose you back up your belief by a little wager—say the cigars for the crowd—and we'll look in the dictionary over yonder and end the controversy."

"I'm agreed was the hot rejoinder, "or I'll bet you $5, or $10, or $25 that I'm right, and prove it by Webster's Unabridged dictionary in ten seconds." As he spoke he pulled out a roll of bills, and the New Yorker quietly laid a $20 bill on the table, which was promptly covered.

The dictionary was brought forward. The Gotham drummer opened the big book and smiled like a man who knows that he has a "sure thing" in sight as he turned to the word "quire" and commenced reading the definition—"a body of singers in a church. See choir."

The silence that fell upon that room was unrelieved save by the rustle of a $20 bill as it was quietly folded and stowed away in the speller's vest pocket.

* * * * *

A week later, as I was enjoying a cigar in the lobby of the Riggs House, at Indianapolis, I was startled by hearing a familiar voice exclaim: "How do you spell choir?" Glancing hastily around I was surprised to see at one of the writing tables the delighted gentleman whose ignorance had caused such a commotion at Cleveland concerning that very word. Looking closer I was equally surprised to find near him the benevolent gentleman who had kindly volunteered to spell the word for him at Cleveland, and who gained $20 by doing so. Approaching the scene of battle, I took a seat where I could observe the subsequent proceedings, and within one minute the Cleveland performance had been duplicated, the speller pocketing $25 this time as the result of his acumen.

Accosting the winner, I said, quietly: "I see that you spell 'choir' now in just the same way that you did the other day at Cleveland."

"Yes," he replied, "that's a pretty good way to spell it anywhere. It has netted my partner here and me about $50 a day for the last two months. It works nine times out of ten, and we take no risks, you see. It is the best snap I ever struck, and I used to work with some of the slickest boys in the country, too.

"But," he added, confidentially, "if you ever try it you'd better keep both eyes open, or you'll miss connections with the dictionary. You can find 'choir' spelled out and defined under the word 'quire' in Webster's unabridged only. Even Webster's $5 man-edition of 'Webster' called the 'International Unabridged,' which reads, 'quire—see choir,' without giving any definition."

The London Boy.

What are these creatures shambling up the crescent? These are two message boys. And who is that troglodyte roosting on the railing? That is Drake's boy waiting on Peel's boy and Smellie's boy. Why does he wait? Because he never travels alone; secondly, because he has infinite time. Do they shake hands when they meet? No, Drake's boy puts out his foot and trips up Peel's boy. What does Peel's boy do? He rises in haste and smites him with a leg of mutton. Are they now enemies? No, these are proofs of attachment. After brandishing the leg of mutton they sit down to discuss the universe—i. e., the street, the pantomine and one Kidd, a prate.

Why does Smellie's boy go off by himself and yell? If he did not do that he would burst. He does not know that he is yelling. Why does he lay down his basket and dance? Hush; do not betray him. All boys do that when they are alone. Does he look ashamed when you see him? No; boys never look anything. Will he come to if you leave him? Yes; he will whistle presently, and calm down. How much does he get for this? Four-and-sixpence a week.

This boy is accounted for by the evolution theory. His father was primitive man. It is only being in a town and his mispronunciation that make you think he is not a savage. What he represents is capacity; he is clay, dough, putty. This boy cannot as yet walk straight, or dress better, or brush his hair. He is not good. He is not bad. He has no soul. He has not even soap. He is simply boy, pure, unwashed, unregenerate boy.—[Good Words.

No Red Tape About It.

A man-of-war doctor, whose name is unfortunately lost to prosperity, had a simple method of locating a man's ailment and alleviating it (save the mark!) by drastic and infallible remedies. He would tie a piece of tape around the waist of the complaining mariner, and commanded him to declare whether his pain exists above or below the tape. If above, an emetic, and if below, a dose of salts followed as a matter of course.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Shoulder Gall.

R. L., Oregon: The following recipe for the cure of shoulder gall in horse was handed the editor of the FARMSTEAD a few days ago. It is from an English author, and has been preserved in a scrap book by B. B. S., of Richland farm, this state, since 1847. It is said to be effective in all cases. The fact that it contains tannin, which is an astringent, alone gives value to it. The recipe is: Burn a quantity of old soleleather to a crisp; then pulverize the same and make into a common paste by adding hog's lard. Mix well and apply it to the galled parts two or three times a day until healed. The horse will be fit for use in three or four days in most cases. [The editor will add that before applying the above the gall should be well washed with soap and water, and carefully dried, and at all times when a horse has tender shoulders the collar should be lifted several times a day in order to let the air circulate and keep the shoulder from scalding.—ED.]

Cow Poor—Lice.

"Distress," Nebraska: If the milk of the cow is good, she is suffering from a diseased condition of the blood, which is supposed to be caused by various stings—exposure, neglect, improper food, foul air, lack of cleanliness, monotony of diet, etc. The first thing to be done will be to give her a dose of salts—say ½ lb. in a quart of warm water in which a teaspoonful of ginger and a cupful of molasses has been stirred. After this operates, give an ounce of saltpetre in her drinking water twice a day for three days; then give this: Sulphate of iron, 2 drachms; powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm; powdered gentian, 1 oz. This quantity daily for a week in dry food. Then for a week and repeat. If the cow is not suffering from consumption, the above will bring her around all right. Clean up all old hay or straw in her stable and burn it, as it harbors lice, which alone will make a cow poor. Feed a variety of diet. She will need other food than grass, which is excellent in itself, until she entirely recovers. To get rid of lice, keep all fowls from roosting in the stable, and after cleaning the stable whitewash it. It requires vigilance to get rid of lice. Curry her well and clean her up generally. Then make a strong decoction of tobacco leaves and saturate it well with rock salt. Saturate the hide well with this at intervals of three days, until four applications have been made. The repetition is necessary in order to kill the nits, which are very tenacious of life.

Sore On Mare's Leg Will Not Heal.

E. S., Indiana: Poultice the part for two days with linseed meal poultice, on which is sprinkled a tablespoonful of pulverized charcoal; then wash with soap and warm water, and wash with this: Chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; rainwater, 1 pt. Sprinkle a little wheat flour over this, and wrap the part affected with soft muslin or linen. Keep this on for two days, then repeat. This should cause healthy granulation, and the sore will heal. Before beginning the above treatment give the mare about 12 ozs. of raw linseed oil, in which there is stirred 1½ ozs. of saltpetre. Feed no corn. Give feed at regular intervals, and do not give much water after the mare is taken her feed. Give no water at any time when the mare is perspiring. See that her stall is kept scrupulously clean, and permit no urine to accumulate. The kind of eruptions of which you speak are obstinate to treatment, and great care is necessary to effect a cure.

Foot-Rot in Sheep.

J. R., Iowa: Foot-rot is a contagious disease, and if not checked will run through an entire flock. The forefeet are most usually affected. Examine the sheep where lameness is noticed. Cut away all raw, loose, or diseased horn with a sharp knife, and smear the foot with this, recommended by Mr. Stewart: Finely powdered blue vitriol, 1 lb.; verdigris, ½ lb.; linseed oil, 1 pt.; pine tar, 1 qt. This will dry on the foot, and will not be washed off by the wet grass, as a solution would be.

Vaginitis.

Subscriber, Tennessee: Give the mare 12 ozs. of raw linseed oil, in which an ounce of saltpeter is stirred. After this, put the mare on low diet, feeding no corn. For five days inject with a pint of warm barley water, adding to each pint ¼ pint of solution of opium. Then inject twice a day for four days with a pint of linseed tea, warm, in which there is stirred 2 grains of sulphate of zinc. To make the injections the mare must be secured by having a foreleg held up, while the operator stands behind a stall, or other fixed object that can shield his eyes from a blow from the mare's hind feet. This should properly be the work of a veterinarian.

Splint on Horse's Leg.

J. A. L., Kansas: Foment the part with warm water for three hours, then apply this: Biniodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 1 oz. Apply over the splint in the evening; wash off in the morning with warm soapsuds water, and keep up the application for about a week. This will very likely have the desired effect; if not, omit for a week and reapply. The heating may be done with vaseline or unsalted lard. Some veterinarians do not recommend treating the animal in case of splints unless it be in cases where there is much annoyance to the animal.

Horse With Sore Mouth.

M. N., Kansas: Some horses have naturally very tender mouths, and readily get sore from the pressure of the bits. At times this may be remedied by giving the animal 2½ drachms of aloes and 1 oz. of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. After this, feed no corn for about a month, and apply the following to the parts affected, rubbing well in to the corners of the mouth: Powdered chlorate of potash, 2 drachms; honey, 2 ozs. This has healing as well as astringent properties. Some veterinarians recommend burnt alum, but the above is less harsh and fully as effective.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Bee Industry.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I see in THE BLADE that one of its subscribers asks for information in regard to feeding bees. I will answer his inquiry by saying there are many ways of feeding bees, but the best way I know of is to use pure honey for that purpose, that being their most natural food. If honey is not to be had without being too expensive and too much trouble to get, I should use granulated sugar syrup or light brown sugar syrup, by melting it to the consistency of fair syrup (as to thickness) by pouring a little boiling water over it, being careful not to scorch or brown it in making. Then as you have empty combs to use, take a small dipper or tin cup and punch the bottom full of little holes. Then take a frame of comb and lay it down flat ways, and fill the cells by dipping the syrup with the dipper or cup and letting it run through the bottom, which, with its little streams, will fill each cell nicely. When one side is done turn it over and do the other the same. One can put in a number of pounds in each frame in this way, and when once filled, take it and place it in the hive up close to the cluster. Two frames of comb filled like this would last a good, strong swarm of bees a number of days before they would need feeding again, but one should keep an eye on them, and not let them come to want. While filling the combs they should be held over a dish-pan or tub, or something of the kind to catch the drip, there being a very little just as the comb is turned over. Otherwise there is no daubing up dishes, or getting the syrup spilt about the bees, for one must be extremely careful about leaving pieces of comb and honey or other sweets scattered about, as it is sure to invite robbing at this time of the year.

Another way to feed them is to take any open dish, say a pint basin or a quart basin, and fill it with syrup. Then cover over the top a piece of cheese cloth or mosquito bar, or in fact anything very thin, to keep the bees from getting in and being daubed and drowned. Set the dish on top of the frames, over or near the cluster of bees, and they will take it out as fast as they want it. If one had on hand some of the many kind of bee feeders in use, I should advise to use some of them. One should be careful to keep the hives well protected and the entrance well closed up while feeding, for robbing is one of the worst things a bee keeper can be annoyed with, and extra care should be used in order to prevent it.—BENJ. E. RICE, Wisconsin.

Ringbone.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I see in almost every issue of THE BLADE some one asking for a cure for ringbone on the horse. I will send you one that I know will kill the growth of the bone and also the lameness. I cured one of 18 months' standing, and I know whereof I speak. Have given this recipe to some of my neighbors and it cured their horses and mules alike. The cure is: One oz. of corrosive sublimate, 1 oz. of camphor gum, 1 oz. spirits turpentine. Mix well by putting in a large mouth bottle and shaking well. To use, grease well just above the hoof, in the edge of the hair. To prevent the medicine from running around the hoof, apply the remedy to the bone, and rub in well with hand every other day for three times. Tie the horse's head up so he can't bite the sore. Label the bottle "poison," and keep out of the reach of children.—A. P. HAWKINS, Indiana. [The trouble with corrosive sublimate is that it blemishes. Biniodide of mercury reaches the same result, but does not blemish. Your recipe is a good one.—ED.]

More About the Bee Industry—Feeding Bees.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—In regard to feeding bees, I would say to Subscriber: Be ready to improve the opportunity on the first warm day that comes, so the bees can fly out and return to the stand; then take the cushion or covering from the frames, look the frames over, and note their condition. If short of stores and but few bees, but have a queen, partition them down to two or five frames, as the case may be, according to the amount of bees, so they will nearly cover the frames; as the weather becomes warmer, take the best frames of comb, if quite empty, partly fill them with liquid honey, or maple syrup, or syrup made from a good grade of sugar; now lay the frames down and pour the feed over the comb in a small, steady stream, letting it fall some distance; drum them and return to the hive, brushing the bees carefully on to them, or in front of the hive. Now replace the mat or covering on top of the frames, to preserve or utilize all the warmth of the colony as they will need it in brood rearing. I have had quite a success in feeding in the spring by filling a Mason fruit can, or any open mouth cup, by tying, after filling, a piece of cloth over the can and inverting it on top of the frames, putting some little sticks under to keep it from the frames, over the center of the frames or cluster, then they will take it as they want it; but it is best to have some stores in the frames if possible, but I have brought them through the spring with the fruit can feed, with but little or no other store below, for a short time at least; but utilize all the natural heat you can by mat or carpet on top of frames.—L. D. FREEMAN, Crawford county, Pennsylvania.

The Poultry Question.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Allow me space in your valuable paper, to say a few words in regard to the poultry question. I find that we "hen raisers" do not all agree on the subject, for we are all raising "the best" in our judgment. I find by actual experience, that we have several breeds, that are very hard to decide which are "the best layers." I see that Mrs. M. A. S. states that the brown Leghorns are the best to lay at all times, or has found this result in her experience. It is a fact that the Leghorn seems to be an everlasting layer, but I would like to ask Mrs. M. A. S. if she ever raised any Black Spanish or Minorcas. If so, I think she could say they equal the Leghorn in all respects. We are raising Spanish and Leghorns (full bloods) and find the Spanish are larger fowls and lay larger eggs, as a rule, than any chicken we have ever raised. The pullets will begin to lay as young as the Leghorn, with the same care. I do not wish to raise any one's dander, but will say I raise poultry "for profit," and for this country have found none better than the Spanish. Just weighed one dozen eggs from my "Spanish breeding pen" that weigh 27 ounces. Can any one produce one dozen Leghorn eggs that will equal this? I will pay for THE BLADE one year to the first person that sends to the editor of this paper the weight of one dozen Leghorn eggs, that out weigh the above. The weight to be certified, too. May write again; if not, I intend to read THE BLADE for the valuable information that can be gained from it.—RAISER OF FINE POULTRY.

Raising Potatoes.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—In answer to R. F. Johnson, Fairview Farm, Oregon, on raising potatoes, would say, I have practiced planting right after the plow for several years with good results. I use a fourteen-inch plow. Plant every third furrow, plowing the ground all the same way. Plant the potatoes by hand (I plant one piece in a hill fifteen inches apart) in the center of the furrow, not the center of the bottom; the horse would tramp on them there. Plow deep, and you will cover the potatoes all right. Harrow right after planting and just before the potatoes come out of the ground.

The cleanest way to dig is to use a fork; the quickest, a potato digger or corn lister.—ROBERT PLUMB, Iowa.

Bee Feeding.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Tell "Subscriber" in BLADE of April 2 to make a syrup of sugar and water (granulated sugar is the best), using about one cupful of water to two of the sugar. Take the cover off your hive, and, if you have a cloth over the frames, roll one end of it back and fasten in order to give the bees a chance to get above, then place a pie-pan or soup plate on top of frames, fill it with the syrup and scatter a few sticks over the top of the syrup to keep the bees from drowning. Place an empty hive body or a super over this and put on your hive cover. Refill your feeder when necessary. Weak colonies can be fed in the same manner in the fall and thus prevent loss; but for winter stores we use about five pounds of sugar to a quart of water. Heat to near the boiling point; stir to prevent scorching. Do not feed scorched syrup.—MRS. EMMA A. LITTLETON, Wabaunsee county, Kansas.

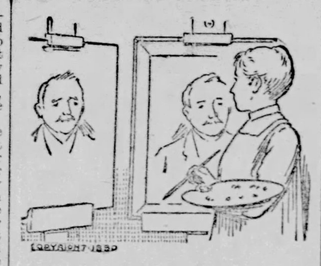
Mole Trap.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Take a two-inch board, eight inches wide and five or six feet long, put in four spears eight inches long, 18 or 20 inches from the end; make triggers like you would for a quail trap. Press the dirt down in their run and put the end of the long trigger over his run and your spears above and you will get them every time. If the trap is too light put a weight on it. This is a good trap and easily made. A regular mole trap puts me in mind of the story of the old woman. She found a mole. She did know what to do with it to punish it the most, so she buried it alive.—C. C. CUMMINGS, Schuler county, Illinois.

Mulching Fruit and Planting Potatoes.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I would not recommend mulching with green or unleached sawdust, as it would be injurious.

My plan of planting potatoes is, first, to plow, harrow and make the ground mellow, and then take my hillside turn plow and plow over again, dropping potatoes in every third furrow, which will make the rows about three feet apart, putting one piece in a place about eight inches apart, and the turning of the next furrow covers them nicely. I do not plant in hills and cultivate both ways, as I think it a waste of ground. The crowding of two or three pieces in a hill is productive of two many small tubers. This mode of planting leaves the ground level and smooth to cultivate as soon or about the time the first sprouts come up. I take my grain harrow and harrow the ground all over completely, which will completely destroy all weeds, after which plow or cultivate twice but never after blooming. Last year I raised in this way at the rate of 200 bushels to the acre.—J. C. JOHNSON, Ritchie county, W. Va.



Nothing like it

—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's as peculiar in its composition, as in its curative effects, in all the diseases and disorders that afflict womankind. It's a legitimate medicine—an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a positive remedy for female weaknesses and ailments. All functional disturbances, irregularities, and derangements are cured by it. There's nothing like it in the way it acts—there's nothing like it in the way it's sold. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or the money paid for it is promptly refunded.

Read the guarantee on the wrapper.

You lose nothing if it doesn't help you—but it will.

The system is invigorated, the blood enriched, digestion improved, melancholy and nervousness dispelled. It's a legitimate medicine, the only *one* that's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in the cure of all "female complaints."

THE WHITETHROAT.

I heard the whitethroat sing
Last eve at twilight when the wind was dead,
And her sleek bosom and her fair, smooth head
Vibrated, ruffling, and her olive wing
Trembled. So soft her song was that it seemed
As though, in wandering through the copse at noon,
She must have found the holy bough where dreamed
The day-struck nightingale,
And, listening, must have overheard too soon
The dim rehearsal of that golden tale
That greets the laggard moon.
But through the initiative strain,
Between each gentle cadence, and again
When those clear notes she tried for which
her throat
Was not so capable as fain,
I joyed to hear her own peculiar note
Through all the music float.

—[Edmund Gosse.

A LINE OF BEAUTY.

It Starts From the Nape of the Neck —A World of Coquetry.

There are no more graceful curves in a woman's body than those which start from the nape of the neck, says the Boston *Herald*. There is an artist in New York in whose pictures almost invariably appears a female figure so posed as to bring out some of these charming lines. He turns his model back to him, and sketches with only a glimpse of face, just where the curve of cheek breaks to the fulness of chin, or he puts a world of coquetry into glances, which one must fancy accompanied by bird-like chirpings over the shoulder. He delights in the white column of a Juno or the clear-modelled, fine reserve of a fugitive nymph, but always he starts with the back of the neck, and the rest comes as best may. The back of the neck is not only beautiful, it is healthily beautiful.

TURKISH RUGS.

What They Mean to the Oriental Makers and Users.

"I was very much amused," said a gentleman who has recently returned from Constantinople, "at some of the efforts made in this country to reproduce Turkish designs in rugs and fabrics. Anything that was odd-shaped was called Turkish. An oriental rug, to the native, tells a story as clearly and as expressively as literature. The details of the design are not meaningless marks or figures; they are symbols and suggest historical events and romance. I could probably explain the matter more lucidly by this analogy: You have been to Europe and collected bric-a-brac and curios—a few vases from the Sevres works, an old sword from Damascus, some pottery from Rome and strange relics from Pompeii. You have come back and conventionalized these shapes and introduced them in a flat way into some fabric. To you, these various forms bring up a wealth of reminiscence. They tell of a tour of Europe, and the incidents of the trip are revived at every glance. So, to the oriental mind, every detail of the rug of his district arouses a fund of reminiscence."—[The Upholsterer.

Sermon of the Sod.

The grasses and the sod,
They are my preachers. Hear them preach
When they forget the shroud, and God
Lifts up those blades of grass to teach
The resurrection! Who shall say
What infidel can speak as they?

—Joaquin Miller.

Origin of the Cable Car.

The sight of six horses vainly endeavoring to take a street car up one of the steep hills of San Francisco inspired in Inventor Holliday's mind the idea of the cable car system. The hill was slippery as well as steep. One horse fell and carried down his mate. The other horses tumbled, until the six were in a struggling heap. The weight of the car dragged them down to the foot of the hill, bruising and maiming them. Mr. Holliday, looking on, was filled with compassion for the poor brutes, and he says he went to work at once on a plan for a substitute for horse power. His thinking brought him to the cable system.

—For restoring the color, thickening the growth, and beautifying the hair, and for preventing baldness, Hall's Hair Renewer is unsurpassed.

The Camp Fire.

For Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

Captured—In Libby.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—During the summer of 1864 the 5th Corps, commanded by Warren—"Big Indian"—lay in front of Petersburg, and on the extreme left of our line. On August 17 we were ordered to go and destroy the Weldon railroad, and thus cut off that important source of supplies for Lee's army. The 9th Corps, commanded by Burnside, was to co-operate with us on our right, but by some oversight they failed to connect, and the Johnnies were not slow to discover that there was a vacancy of several hundred yards. On the evening of the 18th your correspondent, with two companies, G and B, was ordered on the skirmish line. We stopped within 25 yards of our line, as the night was so dark the balls could hardly penetrate the darkness. As soon as day dawned we advanced about a mile to the edge of a cornfield, where we fortified ourselves behind rail piles, logs and stumps, and whatever rubbish we could find. There is always a calm before a storm. About noon orders came to advance the skirmish line through the cornfield and see what was beyond. Just as we got ready to advance we were surprised by a tremendous firing in our front. Lee's skirmishers were advancing and we were glad to seek shelter from their bullets behind our low fortifications. They drove in our left and got through between the two corps on our right and came together in the rear of our main line of battle and completely enveloped us, capturing 95 officers and 2,300 men—this was on the forenoon of the 19th.

We were marched to Petersburg, where we encamped for the night on the bare ground, without shelter, the night being cool and damp. The Johnnies seemed to have a particular liking for our hats, pouches, haversacks and any other articles of wearing apparel that could easily be removed, no matter whether it fit or not—a soldier looks more to comfort than he does to pride. Out of the 95 officers, I do not believe that more than two—Capt. Zeigler, of Lancaster, and myself—brought our hats home. The officers were put in a squad by themselves, a considerable distance from the enlisted men, so there could be no communication between them.

A rather amusing incident occurred during the night. Capt. Roath was laying on the outer edge of the squad. The captain wore a very fine hat, and in order to save it as an ornament of comfort, he made a pillow of the hat; but the Johnnies, ever on the alert for a chance to get something, espied the captain's hat and one of them slipping through the guard made a grab for it and secured the hat, and left instead a broad-rimmed white one on the captain's face, that looked for all the world as though it might have done service before "the flood." It is putting it mildly to say the captain was indignant. He jumped up and started after the fellow; but the guard stopped him in his wild chase after the robber, and returned him to the ranks again. However, they could not bridle his tongue. The maledictions that he showered upon them for thus plundering prisoners were pointed and unmistakable. We were all on our feet in less than no time, and when the captain stopped to take breath, that he might the more vehemently vent his ire, I asked him if he got a white hat. This, coming in unexpectedly, raised such a roar of laughter that the captain was compelled to quiet himself and lay down to pleasant dreams! The captain looked too comical the next morning, with his white hat; or rather one that had been white centuries before. The contrast was remarkable, owing to the fact that the captain wore a splendid blue broadcloth uniform, one of the best in the company. He did not quit cursing the rebs for a long time; and he looked mad whenever he put the hat on, and everybody else looked another way. There is an uncontrollable mirthfulness in the American soldier.

Scene second: The curtain is raised—we have reached Libby! Libby, wet, tired and sore, and we are all glad that the journey has ended, for a time at least. We were drawn up in line before Maj. Turner, the commandant, who addressed us about as follows: "Gentlemen, I am glad to meet such a fine-looking set of men." [A voice in the line: "Sorry we can't say so much."] "I will now proceed to take your names and also your greenbacks"—[Voice in the crowd: "We can give you plenty of gray-backs"] "and put down the amount I receive from each man opposite his name, so that when you are liberated we can return each man his money."

It was a pleasant surprise to know that the money would be returned. Each one of us gave up a small amount of greenbacks. Not being willing to rely too much on the major's promise, I kept $110 or more. After this tedious performance was over, we were again drawn up in line and the second time addressed by the major.

"Now, gentlemen, a very polite request, you to give up your money, with the assurance upon the honor of a soldier that when you are liberated it will be returned to you. Now we will search you, and all the money found will be confiscated!" [Sensation in the ranks.] Confiscated, no matter which end of the kite string we were at! We were all put into an outer room—Libby is a large building—except General Hayes and staff. They were the first examined. The officer had the cashier with him, and confiscated, with $300 in it. He told the major that that amount of money was in the canteen. I have often wondered since if the Johnnies burst the canteen open to get the money? The time hung heavily upon us, but there was money in it for the major and his two young adjutants that were assisting him in confiscating the money of the Yankees! I remained in the room until the last, expecting that toward the last they would become careless. In this I was not mistaken. I had put $100 in the sole of one shoe and two fives in the other shoe. After counting out my vest pockets and confiscating a dollar or two I was told to take my shoes and go up stairs. This ended the tragical farce of taking our money, and the money taken was never given back. Libby treatment of Union prisoners was contrary to the unwritten law of civilized warfare.—JOHN BRENNEMAN, Comd. Co. G, 11th Pa. Vet. Vols.

Hunting Stray Cattle.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In order to make this "yarn" intelligible to the comrades, it may be necessary to state that in 1863, immediately after the evacuation of Corinth, Miss., by the Confederate army under Beauregard, the place was occupied by the Union army in large force. Those remaining of the 21st Mo. Inft., under command of Lieut. Col. Woodyard, were ordered to occupy Chewalla, Tenn., an unimportant railroad station on the Memphis & Charleston railroad, eleven miles west of Corinth.

The army around Corinth received a part of their rations in fresh beef, the cattle being driven there from Illinois and elsewhere, and kept in pens and slaughtered as needed.

On one occasion, say in July, nine head of those cattle broke out of the pens and strayed off. I was in Corinth for rations on Friday, and heard of the circumstance; and on returning to Chewalla on Saturday I learned that some stray cattle, nine in number, had been seen on Friday three or four miles north of Chewalla. On learning that fact I felt like those were my cattle; or if not, that they belonged to our friends, and were liable to be appropriated by the enemy, as nearly all the people in that direction, for many miles, were secessionists, while near Pocahontas, nine miles west of Chewalla, there was an out-spoken, genuine Union sentiment. On Sunday morning I went to Col. Woodyard and asked the privilege of hunting for those cattle. He was rather lothe to let me go, but finally consented. I pressed into service, to accompany me, Sergeant Schramm, of Co. F, Jefferson Flesher, of Co. G, and another man whose name I have forgotten. They were mounted on mules, and armed with muskets we went forth in quest of those cattle. We heard of them at two places in the forenoon, then for some miles we could not hear of them; most of the people were away from home; the negroes and children would say, "All gone to camp meeting." I consulted my comrades, and we agreed that camp meeting was the best place to go to find the cattle, and went. Reaching the place, we were the observed of all observers, but had no friendly greeting from any one—even the pretty girls seemed to have a repulsive scowl on their faces.

We rode up as near the stand as we could, conveniently dismounted, and hitched our mules near

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Governors of the States.

E. A. W., Missouri Valley, Iowa: The following is a list of the governors of all the states and territories, and their politics:

Alabama	Thomas G. Jones, Democrat.
Arizona	J. N. Irwin, Republican.
Arkansas	J. P. Eagle, Democrat.
California	H. H. Markham, Republican.
Colorado	John L. Routt, Republican.
Connecticut	
Delaware	Robt. J. Reynolds, Democrat.
Florida	Frank P. Fleming, Democrat.
Georgia	W. J. Northen, Democrat.
Indiana	Alvin P. Hovey, Republican.
Iowa	Horace Boles, Democrat.
Kansas	L. U. Humphrey, Republican.
Kentucky	Simon B. Buckner, Democrat.
Louisiana	F. T. Nicholls, Democrat.
Maine	J. Hubbard, Republican.
Maryland	Elihu E. Jackson, Democrat.
Massachusetts	Wm. E. Russell, Democrat.
Michigan	Edwin B. Winans, Democrat.
Minnesota	W. R. Merriam, Republican.
Mississippi	M. Stevens, Democrat.
Missouri	David R. Francis, Democrat.
Montana	Joseph K. Toole, Democrat.
Nebraska	James E. Boyd, Democrat.
Nevada	R. K. Colcord, Republican.
N. Hampshire	Hiram A. Tuttle, Republican.
New Jersey	Leon Abbett, Democrat.
New Mexico	L. Bradford Prince, Republican.
New York	David B. Hill, Democrat.
North Carolina	D. G. Fowle, Democrat.
North Dakota	A. H. Burke, Republican.
Ohio	Jas. E. Campbell, Democrat.
Oklahoma	George W. Steele, Republican.
Oregon	Sylvs. Pennoyer, Democrat.
Pennsylvania	Robt. A. Pattison, Democrat.
Rhode Island	
South Carolina	Benj. R. Tillman, Democrat.
South Dakota	A. C. Mellette, Republican.
Tennessee	J. P. Buchanan, Democrat.
Texas	James S. Hogg, Democrat.
Utah	Arthur L. Thomas, Republican.
Vermont	Carroll S. Page, Republican.
Virginia	Phil. W. McKinney, Democrat.
Washington	Elisha P. Ferry, Republican.
West Virginia	A. B. Fleming, Democrat.
Wisconsin	George W. Peck, Democrat.
Wyoming	Amos W. Barber, (acting), Republican.

In Connecticut, the election muddle is not yet settled. In Rhode Island, no governor was chosen at the recent election, and the office will be filled by the legislature, which has a Republican majority.

Electrical Terms.

E. C., Pawnee, Ill.: 1.—Telpherage is a mode of transmitting electric power from one point to another by being carried through the air in suitable receptacles, traveling by wire rope and other similar methods. We have no particulars as to the line at Buenos Ayres.

2.—The following are the definitions of the three units of electricity most used:

The volt is the unit of force. A volt is the electro-motive force that will give a current of one ampere to equal the resistance of one ohm.

The ampere is the practical unit of the electrical current. An ampere is that rate or flow of electricity that will pass with an electro-motive force of one volt through a circuit whose resistance is one ohm.

The ohm is the unit of resistance. An ohm is that amount of resistance required to equal an electro-motive force of one volt to the current of one ampere.

To illustrate these definitions by a familiar example, let us compare the electric current with water flowing through a pipe.

The rate of flow, that is, the number of gallons of water that pass through the pipe in a given time, corresponds to the ampere.

The pressure of the water flowing through the pipe depends entirely upon the height of the reservoir from which the water comes. If the reservoir is at a great height, the pressure of the water will be very strong; if low, it will be weak. In the same way a current of electricity is either of high tension or low tension; and the volt is the unit of tension.

In flowing through the pipe, the water encounters resistance from friction on the inside of the pipe, and the smaller the pipe, or the longer, or both, the slower the water passes through it, on account of this friction. A similar resistance to the passage of the electric current is measured by the ohm.

Operations of the Cotton Exchange.

T. F. B., Emporia, Kan.: Two of your questions are impossible for us or any one else to answer, because there are no reliable statistics. There is no enumeration of people who do not pay taxes, and there are no statistics showing the yearly production of grain, manufactured articles and mines. For these things you will have to go to the census returns when they are completed. The third question is: "Explain how the transactions of the New York Cotton Exchange are 60,000 bales when the total production of the United States is only 7,000,0 0 bales."

This arises from the fact that each bale is counted every time it is sold. For instance, suppose that 100 bales are sold to-day and on to-morrow A sells them to B. Next week B sells them to C, who holds them a month, then sells them to D, and D finally sells them to the manufacturer. There are sales of 500 bales, although only 100 bales were involved in the transaction. That is all there is to it. Men buy cotton to speculate in it, and sell it for the same purpose; and the total transactions of the New York Cotton Exchange show that there is an average of six sales to each bale from the time it leaves the planter's hands until it reaches the manufacturer.

The Aurora.

N. R. C., Folsom, N. M.: The *aurora borealis*, or "Northern lights," is the name given to the luminous appearances seen in the northern part of the heavens. The same phenomenon is seen in the direction of the South Pole, and is there called *aurora australis*, or "Southern lights." These auroral lights are never seen within the tropics; the farther toward the pole we go, the oftener are they seen. They are of magnetic origin, but no satisfactory explanation has ever been given of the phenomenon. Probably the reason your former question was not answered was that you sent no address, which you did not this time. We have, however, answered your question very briefly—much more briefly than if you had complied with Rule 1—in order to call your attention to the fact that questions for the Bureau must be written on a separate slip of paper and have the name and address on them, even when inclosed in a letter. The editor of the Bureau has no means of telling either name or address, unless it is written on the slip which is sent to his desk. He never sees the rest of the letter, when there are other enclosures in the envelope.

Pension Questions.

C. K. B., Red Lodge, Mont.: If you expect to get a pension under the new law, you will have to make a proper application for it in regular form. You get nothing without asking.

G. H., Coalinga, Colo.: A soldier's orphan son is allowed to deduct the time his father served in the army from his own time on a homestead.

J. N. P., Content, Tex.: The pension bureau goes straight along every day, issuing pension certificates at a daily average of 1,800. It does not stop work when Congress adjourns.

J. T., King City, Kan.: We are informed that the bill referred to passed only the House. It is therefore not a law.

O. G. T., Shoshone, Idaho.: 1.—Your attorney is correct in saying you must have the evidence of one witness. 2.—No, you can employ an attorney anywhere. 3.—Your attorney has no right to ask you for $2 for postage.

Constantine the Great.

C. B. E., Hopkins, Mo.: 1.—Christ arose from the dead on the first day of the week, and the first day of the week is Sunday. 2.—There never was a "Pope Constantine the Great." There was, however, a Constantine the Great, who was Emperor of Rome, and from whom the city of Constantinople was named. Constantine did not change the observance of the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday, as a great many ignorant people think. He was the first of the Roman Emperors to grant a large degree of toleration to the Christians, although he was a Pagan himself until almost the last year of his life. As the Christians have in the habit of celebrating Sunday, he simply issued a decree authorizing and giving them liberty to do what they had been doing for some 300 years. If you will take the trouble to read some of the great standard historical works, in place of books written to bolster up a dogma, you will find your views on this subject very much enlarged.

The Sugar Duty.

S. C. R., Locust Lane, Va.: The removal of the duty on raw sugar reduced the price to our people, simply because the United States cannot produce more than 1-10th of the sugar we use. The sugar tariff did not increase our production, and consequently the duty on it was simply a revenue duty, which is alway a tax on the consumer. To remove the duty on articles of which we do produce enough for our own needs, would not affect the price, as the following example will show: The new tariff law which went into effect on October 1, last, reduced the duty on steel rails nearly $5 a ton, but it produced no effect whatever on the price of steel rails, because we produce all that we need. The Democrats who ask, "if the reduction of the sugar duty is a good thing, why is not the reduction of duties on other articles?" simply do not understand the effects of protection, nor anything about the tariff question.

Two Questions.

M. M. G., Monee, Ill.: 1.—Three Presidents were born in the month of February—Washington, William H. Harrison and Millard Fillmore, the latter on February 7, 1800. 2.—It is very difficult to determine the number of classes of workmen through whose hands a completed article from the fine-tined hay-fork, made of steel and wood, may be calculated thus: First, the woodman who cuts the tree; second, the saw-mill; third, the turning lathe; fourth, the miner who digs the ore; fifth, the furnace man; sixth, those who convert the pig iron into steel; seventh, those who shape the steel; eighth, those who put the fork together; ninth, the wholesaler; tenth, the retailer. Some of these processes it may go through the hands of several people. Such questions are profitless, and cannot be answered satisfactorily, from their very nature.

Measuring Hay.

J. R. G., Redwood, N. Y., says that his rule for measuring hay in the mow is to take the length, width and height in feet, and multiply them together, thus getting the number of cubic feet, and then dividing by 512. The quotient is the number of tons. He says he had the hay baled and weighed for market, and the whole mass full did not vary 500 pounds from his calculation. We are much obliged for the rule. Your other question has been referred to the editor of the Farmstead.

Indians Who Vote.

A subscriber at Solleau, Louisiana, has our thanks for the following: "In your issue of April 2, I see the question has been asked by C. R. S., Carthon, Ind., 'Are there any Indians voters in the United States?' I answer, yes, many of them. Here in Southwest Louisiana, there is quite a large remnant of the Choctaw tribe, and a few of other southern tribes that have intermarried with the Choctaws, and they enjoy all the rights of citizenship as fully as the native Creoles, or Americans from other states domiciled here."

The Treaty of 1848.

E. R., Brandon, Wis.: The treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, which ended the Mexican war, was signed February 2, 1848. By it the Rio Grande river was made the boundary between us and Mexico; Texas and Upper California were sold to the United States by Mexico for the sum of $15,000,000; and the United States also assumed the payment of certain claims of American citizens against the Mexican government.

Angora Goats.

N. M., Toledo, O., desires to know whether the Angora or Cashmere goat is reared in this country to any extent for wool; what success has been had with experiments in crossing these goats, whether they are reared successfully in any other country than Asia, and what amount of wool is obtained from each goat, and its value. If any reader of THE BLADE can answer these queries, we shall be glad to publish the information.

Brief Replies.

F. C., Little Rock, Ark.: We have no literature on the subject you mention.

M. W. S., Kingsville, Mo.: We know nothing about the Knights of Reciprocity.

Reader., Omaga, Kan.: Directions for nickel plating will be published later in the "Moneymaker Series."

J. B., Neapolis, O.: Children born in this country are citizens, whether their father was naturalized or not.

J. U. G., Ragsdale, Ky.: It is impossible to say in what territory the most good agricultural public land still remains.

P. E., Clarence, Mo.: A Jew can hold real estate in England, the same as can any other man. The story you refer to appears to be a silly lie.

C. L. B., Oakdale, Mass.: We presume a letter addressed, "Superintendent Electric Railway, Washington, D. C.," would reach the person you want.

Old Subscriber, Toledo, O.: We do not know of any one offering a reward of $100 for old postage stamps; and if we did, we can not give addresses.

"Ignorance" should send his address if he expects answers. The speaker of the House of Representatives has a vote on any question before the House.

R. L. S., Edgewood, Tenn.: We do not know what you mean by "literature on 'The Last Man.'" We have no back copies of THE BLADE of last year.

R. M. G., Bickleton, Wash.: We believe there are about 40,000 appointive offices under the Federal government. It is impossible to give the average pay.

J. L., Ligonier, Ind.: It is impossible for us to take space to give points for debating abstract questions, nor have we time to write personal letters for such purposes.

D. F. W., Mineral Ridge, O.: The editor of this column has no time to write outlines, etc., for other people. His duties on THE BLADE prevent him from engaging in any outside work.

G. H., Madison, Kan.: Senator Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, wrote a book called "A Thirty Years' View of American Politics." Your other question is part of a competition, and we cannot answer it.

J. H. R., Thrall, Iowa: We know nothing about the religious views of the gentleman you mention, nor of his circumstances. We are now more than many men to be dissatisfied with the Sunday school literature he publishes.

R. M. B., Clyde, O.: For information regarding enlistment in the United States Marine Corps, address the Commandant, Col. Charles McCawley, headquarters United States Marine Corps, Eighth street, S. E., Washington, D. C.

S. F. L., Trenton, Tenn.: There is no reason why we should give a sketch of the life of Mount Blanc to any inquirer. He evidently is neither a scientific man nor a philosopher; he has no standing among scientific men, and makes his living off the ignorant and credulous.

L. S., Dennison, O.: 1.—The horse is a native of Asia, and all the horses on the American continent are supposed to be descendants from those brought here by the Spanish explorers. 2.—The British fleet which participated in the battle of Lake Erie was built on the lakes.

I. O. B., Toledo, O., asks for the vote for Grover Cleveland and David B. Hill in the New York state election of 1882. Cleveland's total vote for governor was 555,318; that of David B. Hill, for lieutenant-governor, was 535,851. These figures are from the American Almanac for 1883.

D. A., Madison, Cal.: We think the answer on the "Origin of Masonry," in the Bureau of Weekly BLADE, April 16, covers the ground of your queries. If you do not, tell us what you know, please address us again, and we will try to give any additional information we can.

M. M. K., Marion, N. Y.: The name of Dr. Koch can be rendered correctly by English letters. The *o* is long as in "hope," and the German sound of *ch* is like the sound of the English *h*, given very strong. 2.—We do not know of any legitimate use to which cancelled postage stamps can be put.

R. T., Round Mound, Kan.: The five-twenties were an issue of government bonds which were long ago cancelled, so called because they were made payable in 20 years, but the government had the right to call them for payment at any time after five years. The seven-thirty bonds were another issue, so called because they bore 7.30 per cent. interest.

A. L. R., Hannon, Mo.: 1.—By the "Orient" is meant the East—that is, the countries around the Eastern end of and eastward from the Mediterranean Sea. It is used in a general sense for all southern and eastern Asia, also. 2.—The capitol at Washington is built of free-stone and white marble, the dome of iron. We have not the figures at hand as to its cost.

E. J. C., Ravalli, Mont.: There was a typographical error in a recent reply to your question. The city hall, New York city, is in latitude 40° 42' 45" north; longitude 74° 0' 23" west of Greenwich. Dearborn Observatory, which is 3½ miles south and ¾ miles east of the Court-house, Chicago, is in latitude 41°, 50', 1" north; longitude 10°, 38', 48.8", west from Washington.

W. J. W., Louisburg, Mo.: You can say either "my occupation is farming," or, "my occupation is that of a farmer;" but not, "my occupation is a farmer." "I is" is correct to say, "My occupation is manufacturing." 2.—"I am occupied in manufacturing." 2.—Anything is an animal which breathes, as the word "animal" is from the Latin word *anima*, the breath; consequently, man is an animal.

G. F. S., Sioux Falls, S. D.: Our only way of finding the vote on the federal elections bill would be to hunt it up in the files of the *Congressional Record*. Better write to your Representative in Congress for the numbers of the *Record* containing the debate on the bill, or else buy a bound volume of the *Record* from the Public Printer, at Washington, containing it.

E. M. W., Wetmore, Kan.: There is no stated price for such work. It depends entirely upon two factors: First, the value the editor of the periodical puts upon it for his purposes; second, the renown of the author. It may help you to say a newspaper column contains from 1,200 to 2,000 words, and that the price for material to fill them ranges from $1.50 to $8 per column. Don't send in any more questions without signing your full name. Rule 1 above applies to you as well as to everybody else.

G. E. D., Pawnee, Ills.: 1.—We are not aware that any other state except Illinois has minority representation. 2.—Our impression is that the northeastern boundary of Illinois is an imaginary line running through Lake Michigan. If there is any irregularity in that line, we are not aware of it. 3.—The north and northwestern boundary of Kentucky, as defined by various acts of congress, extends to the right hand bank of the Ohio river. When writing to any one, never use abbreviations. They are in the worst possible taste, and a sure index of lack of correct knowledge.

DO YOU

Use S. S. S., when you need a tonic. If you do not, you should. It is the safest and best Blood medicine made. It is purely vegetable, contains no poison of any kind, and can be taken safely by the most delicate child or the strongest man. It cures all blood troubles, from an ordinary face pimple to the worst form of contagious Blood Taint.

For Old People.

My mother who is a very old lady, was physically broken down. The use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) has entirely restored her health.

R. B. DILWORTH,
Greenville, S. C.

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE'S "SERMON ON STONES."

The New Brooklyn Tabernacle Occupied By Its People—A Notable Occasion.

Following is the sermon of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in the new Brooklyn Tabernacle on Clinton avenue, on the evening of April 26, the building having been dedicated in the morning at 10.30. A great union meeting, in which clergymen of all denominations of Christians participated, was held in the afternoon. Six thousand persons were present at each of the services, and many thousands were turned away. Text: "What mean ye by these stones?" Joshua iv., 6.

The Jordan, like the Mississippi, has bluffs on one side and flats on the other. Here and there a sycamore shadows it. Here and there a willow dips into it. It was only a little over waist deep in December, as I waded through it, but in the months of April and May the snows on Mount Lebanon thaw and flow down into the valley, and then the Jordan overflows its banks. Then it is wide, deep, raging and impetuous. At this season of the year I hear the tramp of 40,000 armed men coming down to cross the river.

You say, why do they not go up nearer the rise of the river at the old camel ford? Ah! my friend, it is because it is not safe to go around when the Lord tells us to go ahead. The Israelites had been going around forty years, and they had enough of it. I do not know how it is with you, my brethren, but I have always got into trouble when I went around, but always got into safety when I went ahead.

There spreads out the Jordan, a raging torrent, much of it snow-water just come down from the mountain top; and I see some of the Israelites shivering at the idea of plunging in, and one soldier says to his comrade, "Joseph, can you swim?" And another says: "If we get across this stream we will get there with wet clothes and with damaged armor, and the Canaanites will slash us to pieces with their swords before we get up the other bank." But it is no time to halt. The great host marches on. The priests carrying the ark go ahead, the people follow. I hear the tramp of the great multitude. The priests have now come within a stone's throw of the water. Yet still there is no abatement of the flood. Now they have come within four or five feet of the stream; but there is no abatement of the flood. Bad prospect! It seems as if these Israelites that crossed the desert are now going to be drowned in sight of Canaan. But "Forward!" is the cry. The command rings all along the line of the host. "Forward!" Now the priests have come within one step of the river. This time they lift their feet from the solid ground, and put them down in the raging stream. No sooner are their feet there than Jordan flies. On the right hand God piles up a great mountain of floods; on the left the water flows off toward the sea. The great river, for hours, halts and rears. The back water, not being able to flow past the passing Israelites, piles wave on wave, until perhaps a sea-bird would find some difficulty in scaling the water cliff. Now the priests and all the people have gone over on dry land. The water on the left hand side by this time has reached the sea; and now that the miraculous passage has been made, stand back and see the stupendous pile of waters leap. God takes His hand from that wall of floods, and like an hundred cataracts they plunge and roar in thunderous triumph to the sea.

How are they to celebrate this passage? Shall it be with music? I suppose the trumpet and cymbals were all worn out before this. Shall it be with banners waving? Oh! no; they are all faded and torn. Joshua cries out: "I will tell you how to celebrate this: build a monument here to commemorate the event;" and every priest puts a heavy stone on his shoulder, and marches out and drops that stone in the divinely appointed place. I see the pile growing in height, in breadth, in significance; and, in after years, men went by that spot and saw this monument, and cried out to another, in fulfillment of the prophecy of the text: "What mean ye by these stones?"

I go all around about this great house, erected by our prayers and sympathies and sacrifices, and cry out in the words of my text: "What mean ye by these stones?" It is an outrage to build a house like this so vast and so magnificent unless there be some tremendous reasons for doing it, and so, my friends, I pursue you to-night with the question of my text and I demand of these trustees and of these elders and of all who have contributed in the building of this structure, "What mean ye by these stones?" But before I get your answer to my question you point to the memorial wall at the side of this pulpit and say to me, "Explain that unusual group of memorials. What mean you by those stones?" By permission of the people of my beloved charge I recently visited the Holy Lands, and having in mind by day and night during my absence this rising house of prayer, I bethought myself, "What can I do to make that place magnificent and glorious?" On the morning of December the third we were at the foot of the most sacred mountain of all the earth, Mount of the Calvary. There is no more dim spot of the earth than that which Washington or locality than of Lake Huron. On the bluff of the mountain, which is the exact shape of the human skull, and so called in the Bible "The place of the skull," there is room for three crosses. There I saw a stone so suggestive I rolled it down the hill, and transported it. It is at the top of this wall, a white stone with crimson veins running through it, the white typical of purity, the crimson suggestive of the blood that paid the price of our redemption. We place it at the top of the memorial wall, for above all in this church for all time, in sermon, in song, and prayer shall be the Sacrifice of Mount Calvary. Look at it. That stone was one of the rocks, rent at the Crucifixion. That heard the cry, "It is finished." Was any church on earth honored with such a memorial?

Beneath it are two tables of stone which I had brought from Mount Sinai, where the law was given. Three camels were three weeks crossing the desert to fetch them. When at Cairo, Egypt, I proposed to the Christian Arab that he bring one stone from Mount Sinai, he said, "we can easier bring two rocks than one, for we must balance them on the back of the camel," and I did not think until the day of their arrival how much more suggestive would be the two, because the law was written on two tables of stone. These stones marked with the words "Mount Sinai," felt the earthquake that shook the mountains when the Law was given. The lower stone of the wall is from Mars Hill, the place where Paul stood when he preached that famous sermon on the brotherhood of the human race, declaring, "God hath made of one blood all nations." That stone I obtained by special permission from the Queen of Greece, a gracious and brilliant woman, who received us as though we had been old acquaintances, and through Mr. Tricoupis, the prime minister of Greece and Mr. Snowden, our American Minister Plenipotentiary, and Dr. Manatt, our American consul, that suggestive tablet was sawed from the pulpit of rock on which Paul preached. Now you understand why we have marked it "The Gospel." Long after my lips shall utter in this church their last message, these lips of stone will tell of the law, and the sacrifice, and the gospel. This day I present them to this church and to all who shall gaze upon them. Thus you have my answer to the question, "What mean you by these stones?"

But you must not divert me from the question of the text as I first put it. I have interpreted these four memorials on my right hand, but there are hundreds of stones in these surrounding walls and underneath us, in the foundations and rising above us in the towers. The quarries of this and transatlantic countries, at the call of crowbar and chisel, have contributed toward this structure. "What mean ye by these stones?"

You mean, among other things, that they shall be an earthly residence of Christ. Christ did not have much of a home when he was here. Who and where is that child crying? It is Jesus, born in an out-house. Where is that hard breathing? It is Jesus asleep on a rock. Who is that in the back part of the fishing smack, with a sailor's rough overcoat thrown over him? It is Jesus, the wornout voyager. O Jesus! is it not time that thou hadst a house? We give thee this. Thou didst give it to us first, but we give it back to thee. It is too good for us but not half good enough for thee. Oh! come in and take the best seat here. Walk up and down these aisles. Speak through these organ pipes. Throw thine arm over us in these arches. In the flaming of these brackets of fire speak to us praying: "I am the light of the world." Oh, King! make this thine audience chamber. Here proclaim righteousness and make treaties. We clap our hands, we uncover our heads, we lift our ensigns, we cry with multitudinous acclamation until the place rings and the heavens listen: "Oh, King! live for ever!"

Again, if any one asks the question of the text: "What mean ye by these stones?" the reply is, we mean the communion of saints. Do you know that there is not a single denomination of Christians in Brooklyn that has not contributed something toward the building of this house? And if ever, standing in this place, there shall be a man who shall try, by anything he says, to stir up bitterness between different denominations of Christians, may his tongue falter and his cheek blanch, and his heart stop! My friends, if ever in any church on earth when there is a mingling of all denominations, it is our church.

Still further you mean by these stones the salvation of the people. We did not build this church for mere worldly reforms, or for an educational institution, or as a platform on which to read essays and philosophical disquisitions, but a place for the tremendous work of soul-saving. Oh, I had rather be the means in this church of having one soul prepared for a joyful eternity, than five thousand souls prepared for mere worldly success. All churches are in two classes, all communities in two classes—believers and unbelievers. To augment the number of the one and substract from the number of the other, we built this church; and toward that supreme and eternal idea we dedicate all our sermons, all our songs, all our prayers, all our Sabbath handshakings. We want to throw defection into the enemy's ranks. We want to make them either surrender unconditionally to Christ, or else fly in rout, scattering the way with canteens, blankets, and knapsacks. We want to popularize Christ.

Oh! that to-night my Lord Jesus would sweep his arm around this great audience, and take you all to his holy heart. You will never see so good a time for personal consecration as now. "What mean ye by these stones?" "We mean your redemption from sin, and death, and hell, by the power of an omnipotent gospel."

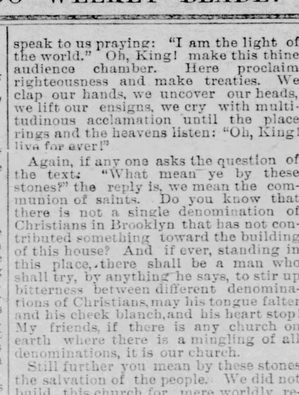
BLEACHING THE HAIR.

It Oftentimes Leaves Gray Strands Among the Black.

Pauline Hall, the well-known comic opera singer, is of medium height, stout in build and of graceful mold. Her face is round and her mouth firm and decisive. Her eyes are changeable in color, varying from a light hazel to a dark brown, and give one the impression that she would be a bad customer to try to trick out of her rights. Her hair is short and nearly jet black.

"Starring does not seem to agree with you," suggested a recent interviewer.

"Why?" she asked, with a look of surprise, and when the answer that it had left threads of white here and there in her hair, was given, she laughed a little bitterly and said: "Oh, that's not star-



PAULINE HALL.

ring; that's just foolishness, and I will tell you how it happened. When the bleached hair craze struck the country, it struck me with the rest of my sex, and I just longed to be a blonde. I went through the usual course and became a marked blonde. But what was the result? My friends called me foolish; my relatives laughed at me. I was dissatisfied myself, and tried to get out of the dilemma as best I could. Bleaching the hair is not easy, by any means; but getting it back to its normal color and condition is a herculean task compared with that of bleaching it.

"I will have cause to remember it as long as I live, for when I had washed out the bleach and cut my hair as close as possible it was still a sight, and when it grew out those gray places came with it. No more bleaching for me, thank you, and if you have any friends who think of doing such a thing give them Shakespeare's advice to those who are about to marry; namely, 'don't.' Bleached hair, complexion washes and all the tricks of that kind are a delusion and a snare, and in the end defeat their very end for which they are intended, and only leave the experiment worse off than at the beginning. Good, everyday water, and plenty of it, is the only complexion wash ever made that was worth using, and the longer one tries experiments the more that one will wish she had not."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Makes an Invigorating Drink
with water and sugar only. Delicious.

NEW HOUSEHOLD IDEAS

That May Prove of Use to Blade Readers.

An odd thing in brass bedsteads is the double tier bed—arranged like bunks on a ship, one tier above the other.

It is not at all necessary any more to use stair linens in those horrible stripes of red and drab that we all know so well. Stair linens are now being made in beautiful colorings and chic designs.

A clever pair of embroidered velours portieres represent two big massive bronze gates. When the pair are hung from portieres on swinging cranes they are opened as a regular gate would be, adding largely to the effect.

A pretty hat, at arm's length, will please any woman, but put that hat on her head, and let her see that it makes her nose look snubbed or her chin look sharp, or her face too pudgy, or her jaw too long, and the thing that was beautiful as a definitely apart detail, becomes now perfectly repellent. The milliner who best succeeds is she who improves one's looks. It is not the hat that is being worn, understand, but the face. It is not the room which should be on exhibition but the occupant.

The reason that fashions "rage" for awhile and then die out is not so much because they are lacking in artistic value, but simply because they have been found inadaptable to all conditions. The white-and-gold room, which is a dream and delight to the woman of glowing radiance and bisque-daintiness of feature, becomes positively painful in its contrast to the dull and colorless face of another occupant. Therefore, that occupant soon tires of her "white-and-gold" room, and encourages some other style.

Dearest Not Costliest.

Those are vulgar things we pay for, be they
While the precious and the peerless are unpriced, symbolic things.
Lovers do not speak with jewels—flowers
alone can plead for them.
And one fragrant memory cherished is far
dearer than a gem.
—[John Boyle O'Reilly.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

The Sunday School.

Israel's Overthrow Foretold.

LESSON VI., SUNDAY, MAY 10, 1891.

Golden Text—Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have.—Luke 8: 18.

LESSON TEXT.
(Amos 8: 1-14.)

1. Thus hath the Lord God showed unto me: and behold a basket of summer fruit.

2. And he said, Amos, what seest thou? And I said, A basket of summer fruit. Then said the Lord unto me, The end is come upon my people of Israel; I will not again pass by them any more.

3. And the songs of the temple shall be howlings in that day, saith the Lord God; there shall be many dead bodies in every place; they shall cast them forth with silence.

4. Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail,

5. Saying, When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small, and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit?

6. That we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes; yea, and sell the refuse of the wheat?

7. The Lord hath sworn by the excellency of Jacob, Surely I will never forget any of their works.

8. Shall not the land tremble for this, and every one mourn that dwelleth therein? and it shall rise up wholly as a flood; and it shall be cast out and drowned, as by the flood of Egypt.

9. And it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord God, that I will cause the sun to go down at noon, and I will darken the earth in a clear day:

10. And I will turn your feasts into mourning, and all your songs into lamentation; and I will bring up sackcloth upon all loins, and baldness upon every head; and I will make it as the mourning of an only son, and the end thereof as a bitter day.

11. Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord:

12. And they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east, they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it.

13. In that day shall the fair virgins and young men faint for thirst.

14. They that swear by the sin of Samaria, and say, Thy god, O Dan, liveth; and, The manner of Beersheba liveth; even they shall fall, and never rise up again.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Behold, a basket of summer fruit (v. 1). He who wants to know the truth shall see gleams of it in everything that is before his eyes. Because God is in all and over all, therefore whatever is has its teachings of God; and the works of God give indications of God's purposes and ways of working. A basket of summer fruit in its luscioiusness and beauty suggests God's plan of sowing and growing, of giving sun and showers to bring such fruit to its maturity. It suggests also the perishableness of that which is now most fair and attractive. Summer fruit points backward to winter and spring, and forward to autumn and winter. We can see what are the results of the processes of nature under God's ordering so far; and such a sight presses upon us the question, What shall the end be?

When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat? (v. 5.) Even those who observe Sabbaths and holy days, sometimes chafe under their restraints and prohibitions. They may wish that those days were through with, or they may be thinking all the time of what they are to do when the business activities or the pleasures of life are resumed again. Their thoughts on those days are an indication of the true object of their heart's desire on all days. Are we so different from those ancient Hebrews? Are none of us glad when the church services are cut short rather than lengthened? Do we never give a sigh of relief when one who leads in public prayer is unusually brief? Did no one of us ever experience a sense of enjoyment on finding that his chapter in the Bible for the day had fewer verses in it than he supposed, as he came to the foot of the page he turned? What if the prophet Amos were here to-day—would he feel that his mission were ended now, because Christians were in place of the people of ancient Israel? Would he?

Making the ephah small, and the shekel great, and dealing falsely with the balances of deceit (v. 5), those sons of Jacob were a queer race—were they not? They were sharp on a bargain. They always had an eye to their own interests. They'd be more likely to give short measure than to throw in more than they'd promised. They'd be likelier to gouge a little out of a weight than to fasten a bit of lead on it, when they were selling with their own scales. And they'd never think of paying money before it was due. If they were among us now, they'd put the larger apples or potatoes on top of the basket they were selling, and water their coal before they weighed it; they'll manage to work in some knotty boards where they'd agreed to use only clear stuff; they'd come to work a little later and leave a little earlier than they ought to, rather than work over time; and they'd save every penny of interest they could on the bills they must pay. What a strange set they were! How grateful we ought to be that there are none after their sort among the Christians of our day.

Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord (v. 11). There are those who would think that a scarcity of Bible teachings would be a slight disaster in comparison with such drought and famine as should bring hunger and thirst unto death. But what would food and drink be worth, if it were not for the power of God's word in enabling men and women to enjoy these good gifts of God? Look at the luxurious regions of tropical Africa, where food and drink are abundant, but where there is a famine "of hearing the words of the Lord." See how it is true, all the world over, that, in proportion as the words of the Lord are heard, peace and comfort and social privileges, and a high standard of morality prevail, and that, on the contrary, a famine of God's word is dearth and desolateness and ruin to the race. And oh, what a loss it would be to those who know the true worth of the word of the Lord, to be without the help and hope of those words! It is sad to know that the lips of any of our dearest loved ones are closed to us for the remainder of our earthly lives; but what is such a deprivation in comparison with silence on the part of him who is all and in all to us? God grant that with all the trials and sorrows that may come to us, there may never, never be to us a famine of hearing the words of the Lord!—[H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

A Colored Man's Snug Inheritance.

Gilbert F. Chinn, colored, the heir of $50,000, who has for some time been in the employ of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad as a porter, yesterday arrived in Baltimore. Search was made for him by Lawyer Harry S. Cummings, the colored councilman, to whom Mayor Davidson turned over a letter recently published inquiring for Chinn. The letter came from Colorado, where the fortune is. The papers of identification will be prepared by Lawyer Cummings. Chinn is about 30 years of age, is married, and is intelligent. He was at one time a student of medicine.—[Baltimore Sun.

—Every tissue of the body, every bone, muscle and organ, is made stronger and more healthful by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Why Was It Not Thought of Before?

Every one who has a clothes closet or wardrobe knows that the Fates always decree that what we are in search of shall be at the back or behind everything else, and yet for centuries we have put up with this calmly with the introduction occasionally of a simply unadorned cussword. A Western gentleman now comes forward and shows us how easy it is to have clothes hooks put into a circular wooden plate, with the plate attached to the top of the wardrobe from a central pivot. When one needs the garment that is in the back of the wardrobe, all one has to do is to turn this plate around.

Weather Changes.

Little Isaac—"Fadder, it look like rain."

Isaac, Senior—"Mark dose two-tollar umprellas oop to five tollars, and sell 'em for tree und a haluff."—[New York Weekly.

Female Weakness Positive Cure. Free.
I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I will send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady, if they will send their express and P.O. address. Yours truly, DR. J. B. MARCHISI, UTICA, N. Y.

Ten Times Better.

Mr. Upton—"I notice in a French paper that Minister de Freycinet is now one of the Forty Immortals."

Mrs. De Fashion—"Only forty? Is that all Paris has? Why, in New York there are four hundred of us."—[New York Weekly.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The American Method of Taking the Census.

The American census, which was taken last year, is much more complete than the French. It is not merely a numbering of the people, it is a complete inventory of Uncle Sam's estate. It shows the present condition of education, agriculture and manufacture, the wealth and debt of states and cities, and gives an enormous mass of information on the social and economic condition of the people. Each branch of investigation is carried on under the direction of a specialist, who analyzes the figures and produces intetesting monographs on his subject. The colossal character of the American census may be imagined when it is stated that, besides innumerable preliminary bulletins, it requires 24 bulky quarto volumes to contain the result.

In Austro-Hungary, where the census has just been taken, the enumerators are much more inquisitorial than in the United States. Among the things which an Austrian has to supply is a full account of himself and his family, their ages, religions, languages, occupations, property, indebtedness, income, expenditures; state the number of domestic animals kept, including dogs, cats and birds, kind of clothing worn and the size of rooms occupied, particularly the height of the ceilings. The German census also contains many minute inquiries.

The American census takers are ahead of others in the matter of speed. The total number of the population was known within a few days after the returns were sent in. Fifty thousand enumerators were employed, and they sent two post cards every evening containing the results of the day's work—one to the Census Superintendent in Washington, and another to the district supervisor. The same system was adopted for the collection

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1891.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 112,000.

A FINANCE PRIMER.

19.—How Silver has Declined.

We give the following table of values, in gold, of the silver in the standard United States silver dollar, by years from 1840 to the present time. The quotation given is the average value of 371¼ grains of pure silver, which is the amount contained in the silver dollar; that is, it is the average price of that much silver for the year named:

Year.	Value in cents.	Year.	Value in cents.
1840	102.36	1865	103.52
1841	101.87	1866	103.03
1842	100.77	1867	102.67
1843	100.54	1868	102.57
1844	100.88	1869	102.47
1845	100.46	1870	102.07
1846	100.56	1871	102.57
1847	101.29	1872	102.25
1848	100.46	1873	100.00
1849	101.30	1874	98.86
1850	101.83	1875	96.45
1851	103.42	1876	89.22
1852	102.57	1877	92.9
1853	104.26	1878	89.3
1854	104.26	1879	86.8
1855	103.95	1880	88.6
1856	103.95	1881	88.1
1857	104.39	1882	87.8
1858	103.95	1883	85.8
1859	105.42	1884	86.1
1860	104.58	1885	82.3
1861	103.10	1886	76.9
1862	104.16	1887	75.8
1863	104.06	1888	72.7
1864	104.06	1889	72.4

The figures in the above table up to and including 1876, are taken from Linderman's "Money and Legal Tender;" the remaining figures are found in the *World Almanac* for 1891.

This table shows a gradual increase in the value of silver as compared with gold, following the discovery of gold in California and Australia. The enormous quantity of gold thrown on the market is shown conclusively by the figures down to 1850. Then the great bonanza silver discoveries in the West came in, and the succeeding years, down to the present time, have shown a decline in the value of silver, due to the enormous amount thrown on the market. We have shown clearly, in previous numbers of this series of articles, how the gold from California and Australia was absorbed by different nations, until finally all the great nations of the world came to a practical gold standard, in the years running from 1873 to 1878. Of course, the demonetization of silver by all these nations aided in depressing the price, because while the supply was more abundant than ever, the demand for coinage was restricted.

20.—The Silver Question Compactly Stated.

The situation as regards silver is simply this: All the great nations of the world, including the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, and the states of the Latin Union, have prevented a depreciation of their silver currency by abolishing free coinage and restricting the output of legal tender coin. Their subsidiary coins ase all of less bullion value than their face.

Now come the silver men of the United States, and demand that this country shall give free and unlimited coinage to silver, making it legal tender in any quantity.

It is impossible for the United States alone to bring silver at its present coinage ratio of 16 to 1 to a parity with gold; it would take the united action of all nations which have demonetized it, at least, and even then the effort might fail. It may not be known that, in the silver law passed at the last session of Congress, there is a section authorizing the President to enter into negotiations for such an international commission, and giving him power to appoint delegates on behalf of the United States. Similar overtures have been made by this country within the past few years, but have been declined. The countries of Europe do not desire to remonetize silver, and give it free coinage and unlimited tender value.

It is a strange fact that, during this silver agitation, many have entirely lost sight of the fact that we are a gold-producing country as well. In the following table we give the production of gold and silver in the United States for the years named:

Year.	Gold.	Silver.
1880	$36,000,000	$38,412,000
1881	34,700,000	43,000,000
1882	32,500,000	46,800,000
1883	30,000,000	46,500,000
1884	30,000,000	48,880,000
1885	31,000,000	51,600,000
1886	35,000,000	54,000,000
1887	33,000,000	63,357,000
1888	33,175,000	59,190,000
1889	32,800,000	64,646,000

The adoption of free coinage for silver would simply make gold an article of merchandise. It would drive the one hundred millions of gold coin to a premium, and replace the gold standard by the silver standard of the purchasing power of only about 76 cents to the dollar.

21.—Some Elementary Principles.

There are certain principles which are as well established as the law of right and wrong in human conduct, which have largely been lost sight of in the silver discussion, but which nevertheless govern our currency. We will enumerate some of these:

First—A government cannot create money out of anything which it may choose to call money.

Second—No law can create absolute value. It may give a promissory value, but that is all.

Third—All classes of people, rich and poor, workingman and employer, are better off with a sound and stable currency than with any variety of cheap currency.

Fourth—No part of the people can be benefited or injured by changes in the monetary standard, without a corresponding injury or benefit to all the rest.

Fifth—As the bulk of the business of the country (by this we mean wholesale transactions) is transacted upon credit, anything which tends to disturb or to threaten a disturbance, of the standard of value cripples credit and demoralizes all business.

Sixth—In every instance in history in which the finances of the nation have been disturbed by changes or threatened changes in the standard of value, the poor always suffer, while the wealthy can guard against these changes, and consequently can reap the benefit.

Seventh—A government cannot make an inferior form of money equal in value to a superior form. Or, to make a practical application of the above, the government cannot make the silver dollar equal in value to the gold dollar simply by passing an act for that purpose—which a free coinage unlimited legal tender law would be.

Why can it not do this? For the simple reason that the superior form of money, gold, costs more than the inferior form, silver, and it is this cost which constitutes its value as a medium of exchange. The kind of money that every man wants is the kind that will buy the most of the things that he needs—that is, that which has the greatest purchasing power.

To adopt free coinage for silver, with unlimited legal tender powers, would mean cheap money. It would be just the same as taking the gold dollar and reducing it by cutting off one-quarter of the metal. By "cheap money" in this connection is not meant a lower interest rate, as some seem to think. The only man who is benefited by a change to cheaper money is the man who is in debt. But to the average man, to wage earners of every kind, such a change means a greatly increased cost of living, with no increase of income. The workingman would receive the same number of dollars per week as wages, but the purchasing power of each dollar would be less; and if he has debts, the depreciation of his debts will by no means be the same as that of his wages. Suppose, for example, he is receiving $1,000 wages per year and that he owes $1,000. A reduction of 20 per cent in the value of money would cut his wages down 20 per cent in purchasing power each year. Every year that he labors at that rate, he will lose $200 in the purchasing power of his wages, while his debt is cut down $200 but once. Hence he is the loser in the long run.

[We will now begin the second section of the Finance Primer, and take up the history of the United States paper currency from the foundation of the government down to the present time, including a full explanation of the banking system, and particularly of national banks.]

TOLSTOI ON ALCOHOL AS A CONSCIENCE-DEADENER.

In a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, TOLSTOI, the famous Russian writer, discusses the effect of alcohol upon the human brain and conscience. The topic is an old one, but he has vested it with new interest by the manner in which he treats it. We quote the following at length from his article in the *Review:*

A sober man scruples to do that which a drunken man will execute without hesitation. These words embody the essential motive that induces people to have recourse to stupefying drugs and drinks. People employ them either for the purpose of stifling remorse, after having performed an action disapproved by their conscience, or else in order to induce a state of mind in which they shall be capable of doing something contrary to the dictates of their conscience, and to which the animal nature of man is impelling him.

A sober man has conscientious scruples to visit lewd women, to steal, to commit murder, but drunken man, on the contrary, is troubled with no such scruples. Hence it is that if a person wishes to do something which his conscience forbids him to do, he first stupefies his faculties.

I was struck being struck by the statement made by a man cook on his trial for the murder of the old lady—a relative of mine—in whose service he had been living. From the account he gave of the crime and the manner in which it was perpetrated, it appears that when he had sent his paramour, the maid servant, out of the house and the time had come for him to do the deed, he seized a knife and repaired to the bedroom where his intended victim was, but as he drew near he felt that in his sober senses he could not possibly perpetrate such a crime. "A sober man has conscientious scruples." He gratified himself by drinking two tumblers of brandy that he had provided beforehand, and then, and not before, felt that he was ready to do the deed, and did it.

Nine-tenths of the total number of crimes that stain humanity are committed in the same way. "First take a drink to give you courage."

Of all the women who fall, fully one-half yield to the temptation under the influence of alcohol. Nearly all the visits made by young men to disorderly houses take place when the faculties have been blunted and dulled by intoxicating liquor. People are well acquainted with this property of alcohol to deaden the voice of conscience, and they deliberately make use of it for this very purpose.

Nor is this all. Not only do people cloud their own faculties in order to stifle the voice of conscience, but, knowing what the effect of alcohol is, whenever they wish to make other people perform an act contrary to the dictates of their conscience they purposely stupefy them in order to render them temporarily deaf to its remonstrance. In war, soldiers are always made drunk when they are about to be sent into close hand-to-hand combat.

During the storming of Sebastopol all the French soldiers were completely intoxicated. After the storming of a fortress in the Central Asian war, when the Russian soldiers showed no inclination to plunder and kill the defenseless old men and children of the place, Skobeloff ordered them to be supplied with brandy till they were drunk. Then they rushed out to accomplish the ghastly work.

No man can read this terrible arraignment of the effects of Rum in blunting the human conscience without asking himself the question, "What can be done to prevent the use of Rum as a prompter to crime?" The statement has been often made in THE BLADE'S columns that by far the larger number of offences against good order, against morality and against the laws have their inception in Rum. There are a few offences which, from their nature, require an unclouded brain. It is said that professional gamblers—those foul birds of prey who spend their lives in robbing other men by games of chance—do not drink before or during a game, though there is not a gambling-house but has its adjunct saloon or side-board where the silly victims of the gambling mania are encouraged to indulge in drinking. It is money in the gamblers' pockets to have their victims' brains clouded, their eyes dulled, their judgment destroyed, as it is much easier to pluck them in that state. The gambler himself keeps clear-headed and keen-eyed, that he may the better divest his victim of his money. It is said, too, that some professional burglars keep perfectly sober when on a marauding expedition, because every sense must be on the alert against possible detection and capture.

But these are a small portion of the crimes that stain the annals of humanity. No doubt TOLSTOI is within rather than beyond the mark, when he says that nine-tenths of the total number of crimes are committed under the influence of alcohol. Half the women who fall yield to temptation when flushed with drink. Every house of ill-fame has the means of supplying its patrons with Rum, in order to deaden the voice of conscience and stimulate their baser passions. This condition of things is one which makes it the business of the state to deal with the Rum traffic.

It is the state's business to protect the lives, the property, and the virtue of the people; and they are in danger because of Rum. It is not a mere question of interference with a man's right to drink, if he sees fit; it is not simply a question whether one man shall be allowed to sell bread and another shall not be allowed to sell beer. The cases are not on the same plane. The one furnishes to his patrons that which is necessary for the sustenance of life; the other furnishes them with that which deadens the moral character as well as the voice of conscience, rouses the baser animal side of humanity and makes man fit to attempt any deed of violence or of blood.

For the safety of the commonwealth, the state should take action not only to regulate, but to destroy the Rum traffic. So long as the saloon is open, they can obtain Rum; so long as they can obtain Rum, people are in danger from the acts which they may commit while rendered irresponsible through drinking. The axe must be laid to the root of the tree of evil; we must crush out the saloon by Prohibition, and

Putnam's Rum Power.

HON. JOHN S. CLARKSON has shown himself, in his first published interview since his election as president of the national Republican league, to be just the man for the place.

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

A correspondent at Alvarado, Texas, asks THE BLADE to answer the oft-repeated statement of free traders, viz:

The farmer buys in the protected market, the highest in the world, and sells in free trade markets, the cheapest in the world.

The statement is a very broad generalization, and involves assumptions which are untrue. A protected market is not necessarily a high one, and a free trade market is not necessarily a cheap one. For instance, on April 17, Kansas wheat sold at 8s. 5½d. per cental in Liverpool, which is at the rate of $1.21 per bushel; that is a free trade market. On the same day the same grade of wheat sold in Chicago at $1.12; that is a protected market.

We may remark here that grain and all other farm products sell higher in the manufacturing states than in the farming states. If the American farmers could only learn the truth about the home market, the free traders would be compelled to abandon all attempts to carry a single Northern agricultural state. We give below the average home prices of farm products in eight farming states and eight manufacturing states. The farming states selected are Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. The manufacturing states are Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. The following table shows the prices of seven different products in December, 1889:

FARMING STATES.	Per Bu.	MANUFACTUR'G STATES	Per Bu.	Per Ct. More
Corn	24 cents		51 cents	112.6
Wheat	66 cents		91 cents	38
Rye	34 cents		60 cents	76
Oats	18 cents		35 cents	94
Barley	35.5 cents		60 cents	54
Irish potat's	25.5 cents		58 cents	121
Hay	$5.30 per bale		$11.24 per bale	111

The average selling price of these products is 83 per cent more in manufacturing states than in agricultural states. This being the case, how is it possible that tariff reduction and consequent decrease of prosperity will not be felt in manufacturing states? The truth is, the extention of manufactures has been of inestimable benefit to the agricultural states. It furnishes beyond question a market right here at home for surplus products, instead of compelling the farmer to pay cost of transportation to distant population.

The free trade statement is untrue, because the farmer does not sell much in the free trade market. Nine-tenths of the agricultural products of this country, including wheat and all other grains, wool, live stock, flax, etc., are consumed in this country, and only one-tenth is exported; and the proportion of that exported to that consumed at home is growing less year by year, because the number of consumers for these products is increasing by the enlargement of our manufactories and the consequent increase of the consuming population.

The statement that the farmer buys in protected markets is not true, because the larger portion of a farmer's annual purchases are the things whose price is not increased by the tariff. We doubt if there is an article of clothing, for instance, or of cotton or woollen goods, but what is as cheap to-day to the farmer as it would be under free trade. This arises from the competition of American manufacturers with foreign ones, rendered possible by the tariff. The protective policy has steadily cheapened American manufactures in this way. In place of giving our markets for these goods over to foreigners, it has caused the starting of manufactories for them in this country. The machinery used has been improved, the cost of production lessened by the discovery of new methods, and the competition of American manufacturers with foreign ones and with each other has brought prices down.

Our friend will see that there is very little left of the free trade dictum which he quotes. Protected markets are not the highest in the world, and free trade markets are not necessarily the cheapest in the world. The farmer sells the great bulk of his products in protected markets, and he pays cheaper prices for the goods he needs under protection than he would under free trade.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

A good many very earnest and sincere people have the singular fad of endeavoring to ascertain from the Bible that which is is not possible to ascertain, viz: the date of the second coming of our Saviour. The early Christians, even in the apostolic age, believed that the second coming would be within their lifetime; and every century of the nineteen that have rolled around since the birth of Christ, has produced devout men who have fixed upon some date as the one on which that event was sure to occur. Everybody in middle life to-day remembers the Millerite craze which swept over this country in 1843; and there have been many would-be prophets since MILLER'S time, to set the time for this event.

The latest of these is Prof. C. A. L. TOTTEN, who fixes the date in March, 1899. He says emphatically that he does not believe the end of the world will come at that time, but that CHRIST will come. The method by which he arrives at this date is interesting, as showing how a presumably intelligent man will allow himself to be misled by his desire to discover the undiscoverable. He says that a generation in the Biblical sense is three-score and ten, or 70 years. Hence the 57 generations given in the genealogies of the Old Testament covered 3,990 years, and the 58th generation began with the year of the world 3,991.

Then he takes CHRIST'S parables of the Vineyard and of the Ten Virgins as a guide. In the vineyard parable, he says the hours mentioned are each 150 years. How he obtains these figures we do not know. He multiplies this by the 12 hours, giving 1,836 years, which, added to 3,991, brings the year of the world 5,827, which is the completion of the vineyard parable. Then, he quaintly says, "as work is naturally concluded at sundown, the parable of the virgins and their lamps probably follows." This parable, he thinks, means one generation of 70 years, which added to the 5,827, makes the year of the world 5,897. This year of the world, he says corresponds to March, 1899, for the following reasons:

Cæsar pushed the beginning of the old Hebrew year from the autumn (in September) ahead to March, England passed the year ahead from March to January, and Pope Exiguus must have taken the beginning of 4001 for 4000 in computing the birth of Christ. We thus gained six months, plus three months, plus one year; equals one and three-fourths year. Deduct this from 5,897 and we have 5,895¾, the time at which the bridegroom will come, and will find some of the virgins with their lamps unfurnished. The 5,895¾ year since the birth of Adam will see the bridegroom, who, of course, is none other than Christ himself.

Now, what is 5,895¼ A. M. in our A. D. years? Herod ordered all the innocents of two years and younger to be put to death, and in a short time after that the eclipse of the moon took place. It took place in the year 3,988, according to Josephus, and Herod died in that year. Now Herod limited his order to children of two years because about two years before the Magi informed him of the birth of the Savior. So Christ was born two years before the eclipse and the death of Herod—two years before 3988; that is 3986.

So now subtract 3,986 (birth of Christ) from 5,895¼ A. M., to find the A. D. year, and you leave 1909¼, A. D.; or, in March, 1899, the bridegroom will come, and will awaken the foolish virgins.

It would occur to any Biblical student who has not a craze on this subject to ask what authority Prof. TOTTEN or any one else has for assuming that the parables of the Vineyard and of the Ten Virgins are prophetic. We know of no authority in exegesis who gives them any such purport. There is certainly nothing in the Scriptures to show that these parables were prophecies; and until Prof. TOTTEN can bring us positive proof that CHRIST was prophesying when he uttered these words, in place of simply teaching truths in the form of parables, we must decline to believe all the conclusions at which he arrives.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

There is entirely too much newspaper fun poked at the Agricultural department. A very large number of people have, because of it, the vague impression that it is merely a distributing department for seeds sent out by Congressmen to their constituents, and there is a general lack of knowledge of the real scope of its labors and of the excellent work which it does. One of these important duties that may be mentioned is the work of inspecting live stock. The value of this is shown by the fact that it has totally exterminated pleuro-pneumonia, the scourge which seriously threatened the entire cattle-raising industry of the country a few years ago.

Last year the department expended $350,000 in this work alone, and the appropriation for the coming year has been increased to $500,000, because to the former duties of the department have been added the labor of inspecting al imported and exported live stock, under the act of August 30, 1890, and in carrying out the provisions of the very important meat inspection law, the passage of which has determined Germany to withdraw her prohibition upon the importation of American pork, which will soon be an accomplished fact. This inspection law will prove of great service, besides this, in promoting public confidence among foreign peoples in the good quality of our meat exports, which have suffered because the ban under which they were placed by the German law led to the feeling throughout Europe that the animals slaughtered in this country were not in a healthy condition.

It will be seen that, in this one important feature alone, the department of Agriculture is an extremely profitable branch of the government, and will return to the people of the United States, in the increased trade for our live stock and meat productions abroad, and in the saving from loss from contagious diseases among domestic animals at home, many times more each year than it costs us.

Another branch of its work, which is of enormous importance indirectly to all the farmers and fruit growers of the country, is that which has charge of scientific researches in the insect world There are many insects which are injurious to fruit and crops, especially grain and grasses, and the experiments which the bureau is doing in discovering methods in reducing the injury to a minimum are extremely valuable.

Its work on the scientific side covers entomology, botany and every science which has any bearing on agricultural work. Besides this, the department is carrying on very valuable statistical work; it suggests many of the steps taken by state agricultural experimental stations, aids them in the preparation of their reports, and makes itself useful in very numerous ways to American agriculture.

Judged by the usefulness of this department, it is the least expensive of any of the government departments. The following table shows the appropriations for the present fiscal year which ends on June 30 next, and the one ending on the same date in 1892:

	1890-91.	1891-92.
Total for Agricultural Department, as per last year's organization	$1,154,100 00	$1,345,400 00
Agricultural experiment stations	675,000 00	782,000 00
		$2,073,400 00
Weather Bureau (transferred to Department of Agriculture from War Department by act of October 1, 1890), salaries	.....	182,330 00
Miscellaneous	.....	24,558 00
General expenses	.....	672,835 50
Total	$1,829,100 00	$2,913,153 50
Appropriations by the 51th Congress	1888-'89.	1889-'90.
Agricultural Department proper	$1,130,826 14	1,079,770 00
Printing (by Public Printer)	40,914 37	39,235 45
Total	$1,161,740 51	$1,119,005 45
Agricultural Experiment Stations	595,000 00	600,000 00
Total	$1,756,740 51	$1,719,005 45
Total appropriation for the Department by the 50th Congress, leaving out the experimentations		2,280,745 96
By the 51st Congress		2,499,500 00
Increase since the Department became an executive branch of the government		218,745 04

THE LEAGUE PLATFORM.

The platform adopted by the National league of Republican clubs is a concise and thorough exposition o the principles of the Republican party and one upon which every member can stand. There is no mugwumping about it and no dodging. It is a manly declaration of belief. It is for honest money, an honest ballot, against monopoly and against the entrance into this country of just such foreign classes as made the Mafia tragedy possible. Upon this point, the convention, representing almost every state in the Union, with many foreign-born citizens, or citizens of foreign-born parents in its make-up, was a unit. The time has come for a firm stand upon this question, and the earnest and active Republicans assembled at Cincinnati recognized it.

Upon the question of elections the convention was a unit in favor of some measure for the protection of every citizen in his inalienable right of suffrage. The thunderous applause on every occasion where the Federal Elections bill was commented upon as the solution to the question showed how firmly bound together are Republicans on this subject.

The next national platform of the Republican party will undoubtedly contain a clause identical in meaning with that enunciated by the Republican league. It is not the supreme issue, but it is one which will demand fully as much debate as in 1888.

By it the league condemns the action of the Republican senators who so far forgot their pledges to the people to trade and truckle and so defeat the elections bill during the administration of President HARRISON.

The League is solid on the most important issue to the farmers of the whole country. The doctrine of the following clause is of the soundest kind:

Loyal and intelligent Republicans will not seek to destroy vested interests, nor to cripple any legitimate enterprise, but they demand that the best thought of the Republican party shall be concentrated on the formulation of such legislation as will protect the people from any exactions of the usurer, from oppressions of monopolies or from extortionate demands of public carriers.

It is clear in every sentence, and the League is in earnest in these demands. The League has a power for great good in the dissemination of these doctrines as outlined in plain Anglo-Saxon in the platform.

Republican platforms always mean something, and the framework constructed by the league is no exception. On its broad and firm platform success is assured in '92.

AND STILL THEY COME.

San Domingo is the latest of the countries of the West Indies to accept the reciprocity provision of the new tariff law, following the example of the British colonies of Guiana, Barbadoes, Jamaica and Trinidad. San Domingo heretofore has imposed enormous duties on American imports. She now signifies a wish to abolish most of them and to largely reduce the others in order to get her sugar, coffee, etc., into this country free. A special commissioner with authority to treat on behalf of that government is now on his way from San Domingo to the United States, to conclude a reciprocity treaty.

Four-fifths of the entire trade of San Domingo is already with the United States, and under reciprocity we will probably get all of it. The total commerce of that country is about $3,250,000 per year. As a matter of interest we append a list of some of the duties at present levied by the government of San Domingo upon imports. A quintal mentioned below is 220½ pounds:

Wheat flour, $5.60 per barrel.
Bread and biscuit, $6.40 to $12.80 per quintal.
Candles, $11.20 per quintal.
Codfish, $2.40 per quintal.
Coal oil, 16 cents per gallon.
Pickled pork, $12.80 to $14.40 per barrel.
Pickled beef, $11.20 to $12.80 per barrel.
Butter, $16 per quintal.
Cheese, $9.60 per quintal.
Soap, $9 per quintal.
Refined sugar, $8 to $9.60 per quintal.

Besides this, the government of San Domingo levies an export duty on those of its products which are sent to us. The following are the export duties on the articles which constitute the bulk of her exports to the United States:

Raw sugar, 20 cents per quintal.
Coffee, 60 cents per quintal.
Logwood, 30 cents per quintal.
Hides, 10 cents each.

It is plain to be seen that the most of her import duties are almost prohibitory. When these are remitted in favor of imports from the United States, we may naturally expect to find a large increase in our export trade to that country. San Domingo, it will be remembered, is the republic occupying the eastern half of the island of Hayti. Unlike the western half, San Domingo is a quiet nation, not in a state of chronic revolution, and hence all the more welcome into the community of countries which are adopting reciprocal trade with ourselves.

"MCKINLEY PRICES."

The St. Louis *Grocer*, a trade newspaper, has taken the trouble to present, in tabular form, the ruling prices of a number of staple grocery articles on October 1, 1890, before the new tariff law went into operation, compared with the prices on April 10 of this year, after that law had been in effect for six months. The figures, it says, were obtained from the leading retail grocers of St. Louis, and are the usual selling prices. The old duty and the present duty are also presented in paralel columns. We reproduce the table below, as an object lesson on "McKinley prices." There are enough facts in it, as the *Grocer* sensibly says, to "knock out a hatful of theories." They most emphatically show that the effect of the new tariff law was not to increase prices:

	Old Duty.	Present Duty.	Retail Price, Oct. 1, '90.	Retail Price, April 10, '91.
Alum	6-10c	6-10c	$ 5	$ 5
Almonds	5c	5c	19	18
Almonds, shelled	7½c	7½c	34	38
Blacking	25 pc	25 pc	10	10
Barley	1c	2c	6	6
Bottles, pint	40c	40c	2 70	2 90
Beeswax	20 pc	Free	35	35
Cheese	4c	6c	(Swiss, 50c) (Roq., 55c) (Dutch, 35c)	32 50 18
Cream Tartar	6c	6c	45	40
Chocolate	2c	2c	37	37
Cocoa	2c	2c	40	40
Currants	1c	Free	7½	6
Dates	1c	Free	10	8
Rice	2½c	2c	7	6
Raisins	2½c	2½c	12½	12
Sal Soda	1½c	1½c	5	5
Soda Bicarb	1½c	1c	5	5
Soap, Castile	2½ pc	1¼c	18	18
Sardines, ¼s	5c	5c	24	24
Salt pkgs, per 100 pounds	12c	12c	3 lb 5	5
Allspice, grd	5c	5c	15	15
Sugar	2½	Free	14 lb, $1.20	$1 00
Tobacco	8c	6c	42	42
Cocoanuts	2½c	2½c	30	30
Honey, gallon	20c	20c	12½ lb	12½
Hops	8c	15c	30	30
Macaroni and Vermicelli	Free	2c	(10c import.) (8c. dom.)	12 9
Condensed Milk	20 pc	20 pc	16	16
Mustard	10c	10c	50c Colman	50
Matches, per gross	35 pc	1c	15c doz bxs	15
Olive Oil, gal	25 pc	35c	2 40	2 40
Oatmeal	5c	1c	3	4
Orange Peel	35 pc	2c	18	17½
Peanuts	1c	1c	12½	9
Prunes	1c	2c	8	10

DEATH OF VON MOLTKE.

One more of the world's great military leaders has passed away. Field Marshal VON MOLTKE, the most renowned of German generals of this century, is dead, full of years and of honors. He is the second to pass from earth of the mighty trio—King WILHELM, BISMARCK and MOLTKE—who together brought Prussia up from a second-rate kingdom to a commanding influence in German affairs; who crushed Austria at Sadowa, and overthrew the third empire and France together, dethroning NAPOLEON III; who unified the German-speaking peoples, and created anew the German empire. His was the arm of power that wielded the army in this mighty work; his the brain that conceived the campaigns that humbled Austria and defeated France, and avenged the humiliations Germany suffered at the hands of the first NAPOLEON.

In his strategic work, and his mode of carrying out of a plan of campaign, VON MOLTKE was a soldier of the school of which GRANT was the great exemplar. Like the latter, he recognized that war is a last resort, and that the shortest way to peace is to wage it stubbornly and relentlessly, until resistance is vain and the enemy a suppliant. In any judgment of VON MOLTKE as a general, a comparison with GRANT is inevitable, but the latter's laurels do not suffer thereby. There is nothing in the great Field Marshal's career that can compare with GRANT'S treatment of his conquered foe after Appomattox. It was in that the true greatness of our own Old Commander shone forth. The moment LEE'S forces laid down their arms, they became brethren, not foes.

Like GRANT also, VON MOLTKE kept himself aloof from mingling his military duties with political intrigue, and the close of his career was not embittered, as is that of his old colleague, BISMARCK, by the absence of his sovereign's favor, and the loss of honors and position. He will live in the history of the Fatherland as the one whose sword made possible the unification of the German Empire, and who did his duty fully and well. So long as war is the last argument of nations, so long will VON MOLTKE be honored as one of the bravest and best of the great captains of the world. May the turf lie lightly over the dauntless breast of the aged hero!

ANNA DICKINSON.

It is impossible to read the telegraphic account of the lecture of ANNA DICKINSON, delivered last night at the Broadway theater, New York, upon "Personal Liberty," without becoming convinced of the sad truth that this gifted woman, to whom the nation owes such a debt of gratitude, is, indeed, out of her right mind, the bright intellect obscured, and in a way that renders it peculiarly distressing. This may be only temporary—a case which rest and absolute quiet will cure; but that the shadows should rest, even for a brief season, upon one who has led the people in good paths so gloriously, can not but bring the deepest sorrow to the many who feel for her the strongest love and admiration.

The burden of Miss DICKINSON'S thought and what has, without doubt, brought about this sad state of affairs is the deep sense of injustice which possesses her dating back to the storm of criticism and ridicule that beat upon her when she attempted to make the stage her profession, and crowned by the treatment of the Republican National Committee after the last Presidential campaign, when her claim for promised compensation was disallowed.

Upon her intense nature, with the feeling that she deserved better at the hands of her countrymen, this, added to physical weakness, has done its work, and the result is, indeed, a sorrowful one. No matter what may be individual opinion as to her grievances, the deepest sympathy must be felt for this wonderfully gifted woman through whose brain shadows are drooping, dimming its brightness, and making her condition most pitiable.

It is to be hoped that friends will gather around her and see that she is given the rest and quiet which are absolutely necessary for her restoration. Money should not enter into the question. As the country has provided for the wives of the brave men who led their men to victory, so should it provide for one who did so much to make them willing to be led; but, meanwhile, there are certainly those who will be glad to do for her all that should be done. May God grant that she may soon come back to her own brave, heroic self, ready to work again for humanity's good.

OUR English friends are getting a little worried over the tremendous speed which the cruisers of our new navy are developing. It will be remembered that England subsidizes her lines of swift mail steamers on condition that the vessels shall be armed and put into special service in case of war. Now it appears that our cruisers have developed such speed as to make it certain that English mail steamers could be caught and destroyed by them should hostilities begin. Hence the worry of our friends across the pond.

IN 1889, oats averaged 23 cents per bushel. Now they are worth 43 cents. As the New York *Press* pertinently remarks, "How the free traders would howl if any manufactured goods had advanced at this rate!" Everybody admits, however, that it is better for the country that the farmer should receive a fair price for his products. A great many people are still blind enough, however, to deny that those engaged in manufacturing should receive also a fair return for their labor.

THE promise of the wheat crop in the great Northwest is somewhat magnificent. It is authoritively declared that it will be from 50 to 75 per cent greater than last year. It is to be hoped that the fruition of the harvest will equal the promises of the growing grain, and that frost may not blight, drouth may not wither, and insect pests may not destroy, the magnificent promise in the carpet of living green that covers millions of acres in the Northwest.

THE *North German Gazette* admits that the new reciprocity policy of the United States gives this country a controlling advantage in commerce with South America. It says that German exporters will lose a great portion of their trade with those countries, and suggests that they should be looking for new markets in some other quarter of the world. Such testimony to the value of reciprocity is worth the serious attention of the American people.

IT may be a matter of interest to some very good people, and it is certainly a matter of justice to the President himself, that the fact should be known that President HARRISON, and every person of his party on the present tour, pays the regular railroad fare to the Pacific coast and return. The Pullman company furnished the train without extra charge, and all railroads haul it for the regular per cent. An offer was made to convey the party without expense, which President HARRISON very sensibly refused.

A WELSH paper, speaking of the tin plate duty under our new tariff law, which goes into operation on July 1 next, gives the following advice to British manufacturers as to what will be necessary if they desire to retain any of the United States trade:

The recent additions to the workmen's wages must come off. Probably a lower scale that has ever yet existed will have to be adopted. Coal will come down, so will steel. In no other way can the vast tin plate making machinery of South Wales be kept in motion to preserve the American trade.

THE duties on cotton shirtings and sheetings were increased ¼ cent per yard by the new tariff law. The prices at the mills are lower to-day than they were when the new tariff law went into effect. According to the free trade theory, prices should be a half-cent higher. Here is another case where the facts knock the theory silly.

SOME of the Alliance people out in Kansas are talking of Judge GRESHAM as an Alliance Presidential candidate next year. They forget that Judge GRESHAM is a Republican, and would flout a nomination at the hands of the Alliance as quickly as he would one at hands of the Democrats.

THE new reciprocity treaty which includes Cuba will mean the exportation of a million barrels of flour to that island yearly. Not a single barrel is now exported, because the duty, about $5 per barrel, is prohibitory. No wonder the reciprocity idea is favored by the American people.

THE *American Architect* is authority for the statement that this spring nearly every article for house construction is cheaper than it was a year ago. The cry of "McKinley prices" cannot be kept up much longer by the free trade liars.

THE farmers will be able to smile at the free trade howl that the tariff and the Republican party are responsible for their woes, as they sell their wheat this fall for a dollar a bushel at the nearest railroad station.

SOMETHING like 200,000 oil wells have been drilled in the United States since the discovery of petroleum, which at an average cost of $2,000, which is very low, gives a total expenditure of $400,000,000.

IT is rather funny that the governments of Europe have spent so much money preparing for war, that not one of them is now able financially to enter upon active hostilities.

AND now it is said that Senator-elect PEFFER, of Kansas, is posing as an Alliance Presidential candidate. Senator PEFFER ought to be edited with a blue pencil.

CURRENT EVENTS

A ton and a half of bread is eaten every day in Girard college, Philadelphia.

Senator Quay is undecided whether to go abroad for the benefit of his health or to stay at home to repair his fences.

Mapleson is said to be making desperate efforts to secure Mme. Melba for an American tour. He has offered her $20,000 for two seasons.

Miss Eames, an American singer, has been engaged to sing with Maurel in a scenic oratorio founded on the "Light of Asia," to be given in London during June.

William E. Gladstone was married last week to Miss Maggie Ward, of Hamilton, N. C. She was not the Grand Old Man, but a commercial traveler of that name.

Mrs. Annie Besant is not, as commonly supposed, a sister of Walter Besant, but his sister-in-law, having married a brother of his in 1867, when she was 20 years old.

Mr. Depew in his new lecture utters a severe indictment against our Indian policy. He does not propose that this indictment business shall be altogether on one side.

If you have a facility for remembering faces you are said to have the artistic temperament. If, on the other hand, you forget names, you are said to have an artistic memory.

Gov. Hogg, of Texas, has three bright children, two girls and a boy, whose names respectively are Ima Hogg, Ura Hogg, and Moore Hogg. These names were bestowed by Gov. Hogg himself.

Nellie Grant Sartoris, aside from her domestic troubles, is said to be most fortunately situated. She has plenty of money and moves in the best English society, even being entertained by royalty.

A suit about a calf in Texas resulted in wiping out all the parties involved except the calf. One of the litigants shot the other, and the sheriff shot the survivor in trying to arrest him. The calf was valued at $6.

It costs Texas $3,000,000 a year to support her common schools, and $500,000 for her higher schools. This is more than any other Southern state spends, but Texas has a school fund that will soon amount to $100,000,000.

Mrs. Lease is travelling about Kansas organizing Farmers' Protective associations, each member to pay a fee of $10 to create a fund to fight foreclosure suits and protract the matter by carrying the cases to the Supreme court.

The heat produced from the light of a firefly is one per cent of an equal amount of candle light. The bug's light is produced by a chemical action, as it is increased by putting the fly in oxygen and diminished in an atmosphere of nitrogen.

Chief Justice Fuller's new house in Chicago contains a beautiful music room decorated by Miss Ida J. Burgess, whose clever work in portr

Science Causerie.

A CAPILLARY PHENOMENON.

How to Make a Compact Raft Out of Seven Ordinary Corks.

Can you stand seven corks upright in water? Not unless you know how. This is the way to do it: Stand one of the corks upright on the table, arrange the other six close about it, also in an upright position; grasp the combination in one hand and plunge it into the water in the tub so as to completely saturate the corks, then raise them partly out of the water and let go your hold, says the Boston *Globe*. The water which has penetrated between the corks by capillarity will hold them close together (see illustration) and though separately each cork has an unstable equilibrium, the combination obtained in this way will keep them steady, the width of our improvised raft being more than the height of one cork.

Why Leaves Change Color.

The most unobservant have been struck with the remarkable change which takes place in the color of leaves in autumn. The alteration is so obvious as to have created a general belief that it is due to the frost or cold. While this is indirectly true, it is not strictly correct, because the change would occur, and as a matter of fact frequently does occur quite independently of frost. The green matter in the tissue of the leaf is composed of two colors—red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn, and the natural growth of the tree is suspended, oxidation of the tissues takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf will turn red, and under others it assumes a brown or yellow tint, the difference in color being due to variation in the composition of the original constituents of the green tissue, as well as to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. Foliage is always more brilliant with a cold climate than with a damp, warm one. Trees of the same age, and of the same kind, having the same exposure, may sometimes be seen growing side by side, of distinctly different colors, the leaves of one being a brilliant red and those of the other a dull tawny or yellow. For this phenomenon no explanation has been given beyond the suggestion that the difference is due to the roots finding their way into different soils.

Important, if True.

A most extraordinary discovery is that claimed by M. O. de Lausen, a Russian engineer, who has been experimenting in London with a new stove. Finding that much free oxygen escapes with the unburned fuel from chimneys, this experimenter concluded that, contrary to ordinary theory, less draft and higher temperature are needed in order to get perfect combustion. He secures these in a stove three feet high by one foot in diameter, lined with fire-brick. Only the lower portion of the coal burns, a very small current of air being admitted to this, and passing up sufficiently hot to cause its remaining oxygen to unite with the carbon monoxide gas on the upper portion of the coal. The products escaping into the chimney are colorless and quite cool, and, if the statements made are to be accepted, less than three per cent of the possible heat is lost, instead of the 80 or 90 per cent ordinarily wasted.

Food Prejudices.

The climate of Hindoostan explains the religious scruple which would make millions of Brahmins prefer starvation to meat stews, but a less intelligible prejudice is that of the Japanese peasants, who could as soon be persuaded to drink blood as cows' milk. The Abyssinian highlanders would shrink from neither alternative, but would promptly cut the acquaintance of a neighbor who should defile himself by broiling a rabbit. Moses, too, interdicts rabbits' flesh, which constitutes the only luxury of the snowbound Jakoots, who would scorn to waste a copper coin on Chinese tea, but are apt to get drunk on a decoction of fly-toadstool. The Tartar emirs scandalize American missionaries by their fondness for milk brandy (koumiss), but are in their turn amazed at the caprice that makes their pious guests prefer pork to horseflesh.

Changes of Latitude.

It has been pointed out that the shifting of masses of air and water may explain the recently observed changes in the earth's axis of rotation. A German physicist, Herr Lamp, notes the displacement northward of the maxima of air pressure in the trade wind region, and of ocean currents, as the sun rises in summer, and that the water passes back to the southern hemisphere as our winter approaches. It is calculated that the change observed in the latitude of Berlin (about 5 seconds) would be brought about by the movement of 2,500 cubic meters of water from 30° south latitude to 35° north latitude, producing a rise in sea level of only four inches. The reality of the oscillation of the axis is to be tested in different parts of the world—including the South Pacific—by further observations, and the results will be awaited everywhere with great interest.

Forest Sanctuaries.

The legislatures of eight different states of the great West contemplate the enactment of more stringent game laws, but it is probable that the last big-horn sheep of the Rockies and the last wild turkey of the Alleghenies will have followed the buffalo to the eternal hunting grounds when the swamp forests of Florida will still afford a refuge to thousands of bears and deer. The draining of the Everglades would baffle engineers that have tunneled the rockiest Sierras, and only twenty miles south of Tallahassee there is a jungle chaos that has defied the enterprise of the pluckiest explorers so completely, indeed, that the smoke-like mist rising now and then from the depths of its ferns is still frequently ascribed to the eruption of a volcano.

Recipes for Longevity.

Freedom from care is about the only incidental advantage that has been universally recognized as a factor of longevity. About hereditary predisposition there is no doubt, but the comparative benefits of cold and warm climates are still controverted, and the possibility of averting a premature death by abstemiousness has been altogether denied by some physicians who claim that a tendency to consumption and kindred disorders can be counteracted only by a generous diet. Teachers, parsons, pensioned officers and well-to-do farmers have attained longevity in all part of the civilized world,

How Fast Storms Travel.

The rate of travel of thunderstorms has been studied by Herr Senonrock from the records of 197 such storms in Russia in 1888. The velocity is found to have varied from 13 to 50 miles an hour, with a mean of 28.5 miles, diminishing to 28 miles in the hot season, and increasing to 32 miles in the cold season. It was least in the early morning, increasing to a maximum between 9 and 10 p. m. The thunderstorms traveled most quickly from southwest, west and northwest.

The Odor of Mould.

Two French chemists, Messrs. Berthlot and Andre, have investigated the cause of the powerful odor that arises from vegetable mould after a fall of rain. They find the essential principle to be an organic compound of the aromatic family. Its odor is very penetrating, and analagous to that of camphors: its proportion in mould is only a few millionths, but one three-millionth of a grain is sufficient to produce a sensitive smell.

Electricity in Jerusalem.

A decided sensation has been caused in Jerusalem by the introduction of electric light into a new and flourishing flour mill lately started there. The building in which the light has been introduced is near to the supposed site of Calvary. The Arabs and Jews are much puzzled to account for a light in a lamp in which there is no oil, and up to the present time, while gazing with wonder, have been keeping at a respectful distance.

"PETROLEUM V. NASBY."

Frank G. Carpenter Chats in a Letter About the Great Humorist and The Blade.

Frank G. Carpenter, the well-known newspaper correspondent, has in the Chicago *Sunday Herald* of April 26 a letter on "Men Noted for Fun," in which is the following concerning THE BLADE and the late D. R. Locke:

Petroleum V. Nasby's Estate.

It is strange that two of the greatest humorists of our time should live within a few miles of each other. Nasby did his work and made his fortune at Toledo, Ohio, just a short ride from Detroit, and his wit gave the Toledo BLADE the start which now makes it one of the most profitable newspaper properties of the country. It makes, I was told at Toledo yesterday, about $100,000 a year, and the Nasby estate is now worth about $1,000,000. This is a great increase over its condition at the time of Mr. Locke's (Nasby) death a few years ago. The great humorist had invested largely in real estate and other things during his latter years, and his property, though valuable, was covered with mortgages. It would not, it is thought, then have sold, BLADE and all, under the hammer, for such a price as to net $200,000. Nasby thought he was the soul of his newspaper, and that with his death it would begin to decline, and that it would steadily decrease in value. He told his son, Robinson Locke, this, and during his last hours, when he knew he was going to die, urged him by all means to sell as soon as possible. "THE BLADE," said he, "cannot hold its great circulation, and its big profits after my demise. You must sell it and take the money to clear off these mortgages. It is worth $300,000. You can get this for it, and this will be ample to clear up everything. My estate will then be very valuable and it will increase every year, and my family will have plenty." Young Locke listened with due respect to his father. It may be that he took his sayings to heart, but nevertheless he did not sell THE BLADE. He kept on publishing it, and it has, I am told, made enough money for him to pay off all the mortgages, and to increase the value of the property so that it is now clear and worth a million.

"Petroleum V. Nasby," said a leading citizen of Toledo to me last night, "was full of fun up to the last. He joked just the same after he knew he was bound to die, and his doctor tells many stories of his wit during his last hours. At one time, when calling on him for a consultation, Nasby, who was lying down and was suffering great pain, asked:

"Well, Doctor, you say there is no chance for me? I would like to know why."

"Your digestive powers are exhausted," was the reply of the physician, "and your stomach has been tampered with by indigestion until it is now entirely burnt away."

"Well," replied Nasby, "if that's the case I am mighty glad that I have a vest to cover it."

SHE KNEW THE WORST.

"Sweetheart, you deem me good," I said,
As I took Bessie's soft, white hand;
"You think the life that I have led
Has been quite perfect, pure and grand.

"But ere we wed, my darling Bess,
I tell you frankly that my ways
Have been quite devious; I confess
I've spent some wicked nights and days."

"Nay, say no more," quoth Bess, demure:
"I know it all—I know the worst;
Your mother told me, and I'm sure
You told her all your follies first."

What could I say? This trustful lamb
Had learned that once I teased the cat,
And twice or thrice had stolen jam—
How could I deal with faith like that?
—[H. S. Tomer, in Judge.

LATE FASHIONABLE FADS.

Gauntlet Suede gloves are worn in the day time.

A diamond bonnet is one of the latest innovations.

Turquois jewelry is worn more by girls than women.

Every gown or cloak of any importance has a high collar.

All the newest gloves are stitched with a contrasting color.

Bracelets have gone "out" now that long sleeves are "in."

Corn flower blue is one of the most popular colors of the season.

Flowered foulards are chosen for the summer gowns of very young girls.

A small portable frame has been invented for those needlewomen who are fond of doing Gobelin tapestry.

The newest brooch for a bridemaid is a tiny gold shoe, ornamented by a rosette and a bow formed of pearls or diamonds.

Tailors are making more elaborate gowns for ladies than usual this year. The distinctive feature is the embroidered waistcoat.

A new species of pottery has been invented at the Sevres manufactory, which will withstand the effect of rain and frost. It will be in request for the decoration of parks and gardens.

The Rational Dress Society is the name under which a new "reform dress" association is known in London. Mrs. Charles Hancock is one of the latest inventors in this field, the garment on which she plies her fortune being patented under the title of "Elitto," her own name spelled backward. It is a "muddy weather" dress.

Something new is always being sought by hostesses for the entertainment of their guests. A fashionable Mayfair dame recently provided some trained doves. One bird rode on a miniature bicycle, another performed on the tight rope and still another worked a windmill and rode a trapeze railway. The most amusing "act" was drinking tea, which occupied about ten minutes. It took four years to teach the bird's their tricks.

What a Chinese Finds in a Rattler.

Charles Kimball, who has been working a gang of Chinamen in the Sweetwater valley, clearing up land, this week killed three fine specimens of the rattlesnake family, one of them being over four feet long. He states that the Chinaman, as soon as the rattler is dead, cut it open and take out a little sack of bluish color from about the middle of the snake, which they prize very highly. When asked what it was they answered, "Him heap poison," and that is all they know or will tell.—[National City Record.

THE DEAD FIELD MARSHAL.

Kansas City *Journal*:—His death removes the most illustrious military figure that Europe has known since the days of the great Napoleon.

New York *World*:—Von Moltke's death ends the career of the most scientific and by odds the most successful European general of modern times.

Buffalo *Express*:—He was the greatest scientific soldier of his time—perhaps of any time. He left the dash and clash of battle to others. His work was done in the closet.

Minneapolis *Tribune*:—Like our own Grant and Sherman, Gen. von Moltke valued the triumphs of war only for the peace they brought. Like them he was the idol of the army and the people.

St. Paul *Pioneer Press*:—The present generation has boasted very few such consummate masters of military science. Aged though he was, Germany loses in the death of the field marshal a soldier that it will be difficult if not impossible to replace.

St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*:—He strongly took the position that the end of war was not to cripple, destroy, annihilate, and the deadlier the engines and the more rapid and overwhelming their work the more likely they were to achieve the object for which they were advanced.

Cleveland *Leader*:—He will ever share with Bismarck the glory of welding a multitude of jealous states into a mighty empire secure in its splendid strength and rich in its domestic peace and unity. His military triumphs changed the destinies of his native land.

New York *Herald*:—The name of "the man of blood and iron" is applied to Bismarck. It might more fitly have been given to the great field marshal, Von Moltke, who died Friday, full of years and honors. He was less a romantic than a strategist; but as a tactician he was the greatest general and victories—he had, in our day, no equal. His was the head that organized the battles and the marches which humbled Austria and France, which made Germany and wonderful was wholly given up to war. He was the very incarnation of the stern military science. An unbending will, a cold and calculating mind, and an unwavering patriotism were the secrets of his triumphs.

Still Human.

"Is your musical critic in?" asked the little woman.

"Yes, ma'am," returned the editor. "That is he over by the window, whistling 'Annie Rooney?'"—[Puck.

Two Views.

Boston girl—I have always been taught that marriage is the end.

Chicago girl—Well, I haven't. Out here we regard it simply as a means to the end.—[Puck.

RECKON HOW I'LL SCOLD HIM.

Sich a good fur nuthin' is my old man Jake,
Off agin a-fishin' over to the lake;
Corn it needs a-hoein', hayin' time is nigh,
Reckon how I'll scold him when he cums bimeby.

Men are allers shiftless—nigh as bad as ducks—
Not to be disputed, never 'mount to shucks;
Garden sass needs weedin', orter cut the rye,
Grashus, won't I scold him when he cums bimeby!

House is allers leakin' every time it rains,
Told him all about it, labor for my pains;
Never mounts to nothin'—never seems to try—
Won't he catch a scoldin' when he comes bimeby!

Children lookin' shabby, can't provide 'em cloes,
Patch and patch and patch 'em, that's the way it goes.
Wish I'se born an angel, had the wings to fly—
Won't the old man catch if when he comes bimeby!

Hark! that's him a comin', hear him at the gate;
Won't I give him Jesse? Well, I calculate!
Lordy, see them fishes! 'Nuff again to fry;
Dassent scold him now, but I will bimeby.
—[Yankee Blade.

THE REPUBLICAN LEAGUE.

Ohio State Journal:—The national convention of Republican clubs at Cincinnati yesterday was one of the most brilliant events in history.

Youngstown *Telegram*:—With J. A. Clarkson at the head of the organization, the Republican clubs could be relied upon for a lively campaign.

Detroit *Tribune*:—The Republican league represents the rank and file of the party, and it does well to push forward its work of education and of keeping the party ranks full.

Bellaire *Tribune*:—Bellaire ought to organize a league club so as to take part in these important party meetings. What do you all say? Shall there be a club organized in Bellaire?

Findlay *Republican*:—The opening day of the Cincinnati convention provided plenty of inspiration for good Republicans. President Thurston's speech was a marvel, while McKinley's remarks last night were in his usual forcible vein.

Chicago *Journal*:—The Republicans of Chicago should promptly follow up the advantage gained in the recent municipal election by a permanent organization, solid and compact, and reaching to every election precinct in the city and county.

Kalamazoo *Telegraph*:—The league had its birth in the state of Ohio; and very properly its meeting this year, only about twelve months before the preliminary skirmishes in the next great national and political struggle shall begin, should be held in the state of Ohio.

Grand Rapids *Telegram-Herald*:—Cincinnati is dressed in her most gorgeous raiment to welcome the brainy delegates to the national Republican League convention, to be opened in that city to-day. Cincinnati will not be disgraced, as was Kansas City by the alleged commercial congress held there last week.

English Justices' Justice.

At Bewdley last week the magistrates sentenced a girl aged 14 to ten days' hard labor, to be followed by three years in a reformatory, for having stolen four monthly parts of a magazine, which she pleaded that she had borrowed in order to read. On this there was such an uproar in the court that the magistrates altered this monstrous sentence into one binding the girl over to come up for judgment when called upon. But does not all this show how utterly unfitted such a bench is to administer justice? —[London Truth.

An Electric Toy Map.

An instructive scientific toy sold in Paris consists of a map with metallic plugs inserted to mark its chief towns. Questions at the side of the map ask what are the chief towns of the different departments, and also have a metallic plug for each. A small electric bell and a dry pile are provided. The child puts one end of the conducting wire over any question plug and moves the other end over the town plug until the bell rings, when the town is correctly indicated.

A Rainbow Curtain.

The departure from prim, plain, simple shade cloth at our windows is one of the few things that is essentially the fashion of the day. It is now fashionable to embroider little detached and dainty designs, little squares or crosses or stars along the space on a window shade, occupied heretofore by a dado. A delicate new curtain is being offered, softly tinted in imperceptible merging stripes, and it is well and properly called the rainbow curtain.

A Word to Mr. McKinley.

If McKinley wants to make his bill
Just solid in New York,
One clause he has but to instil,
Our raptures to uncork;
One section he has but to add
To make our pleasure wax—
For at this season we'd be glad
If he'd raise the carpet tacks.
—[New York Sun.

PRESS PUNS.

Columbus *Post*:—The coke troubles are largely caused by Hung'ry miners.

St. Joseph *Gazette*:—Now it is a tack combine. It will scarcely escape attack.

Grand Rapids *Telegram Herald*:—The mashing season is at hand—the base-ball players will be here in June.

Cleveland *Leader*:—A New Yorker named Chinchella came near being murdered by his son-in-law yesterday. It is the time of year when people get rid of their chinchillas.

Helena *Journal*:—A Democratic paper attributes a suicide to the McKinley bill. The poor fellow took half a pound of morphine and found that death could come in without regard to duty.

Helena *Journal*:—The Chicago *News* states that a horse in that city was paralyzed by fright, and it was necessary to kill him. A Helena man was paralyzed by a "horse" the other day, but it was not a killing affair.

A Peagreen Elephant.

An enormous elephant, peagreen in color, trunkless, and with tusks branching out like the horns of a deer, is reported to have been captured by an African king, who will not part with the curiosity.

Not Proud.

Head Waiter (to favored guest)—"If you'd like it, sir, I can fix it so you can eat dinner with Sarah Bernhardt."

Favored Guest—"Thanks; but I'd rather have an ordinary fork."—[New York Weekly.

POLITICAL SQUIBS.

The farmers of Ohio will not allow the word "white" to appear in their Alliance state constitution. In the South the organizations for white and colored work separately; in Ohio all will work together.

The Salt Lake *Herald* believes that the Farmers' Alliance has struck the downward grade, and is rapidly following the road toward oblivion taken by the Granger and Greenback movements. The moral drawn by the *Herald* is that "not many men know how to use power well."

New York *Recorder*:—The newspapers that attempted to belittle Mr. Blaine in the growth of Mr. Reed, remarking that there were "two men from Maine," are now fully committed to the belief that Reed is "the man from Maine," and that the other gentleman is "Mr. Blaine of the United States of America."

The various gentlemen who expect to receive a Presidential nomination at the hands of an Alliance national party should have the convention packed to their side. There was once a gentleman named Hans Breitmann who had a party, but soon found himself out in the cold world crying, "Vere vas dat barty now?"

The Kansas City *Star* believes it would be the better part of good farming for the Kansas knights of the hoe to remain at home and plant corn instead of talking politics in Cincinnati at this busy season of the year. The *Star* forgets that the farmers who work with the hoe will not be at home; the farmers who go are the ones who work with the chin.

The comments of the Southern press upon the President are frank and free-handed, usually friendly and sometimes on the edge of the grotesque. While the Chattanooga *News*, for instance, calls him the "biggest man on earth," cordially, and has "overlooked the vindictiveness against this section of the little man who now occupies the highest gift of the people, and looking beyond, our patriotism sees only the representative of the greatest nation on earth," it still declares that his "plug of antiquated style was his distinguishing feature."

Unpleasant to Have Around.

"Are you still engaged to Mr. Briggs?" "No. I broke it off last week. I was afraid to marry him. He knows too much. I gave him some ribbon to match. He found it in the first store he went to, and he bought it for two cents below the regular price."

Iron In His Soul.

To the young man who doesn't know how to dance, dancing never seems so immoral as it does when he sees the girl he likes best of all waltzing around with another young man.—[Somerville Journal.

FASHIONS FOR THE LADIES.

Pretty Wraps and Gowns Popular for Summer Wear.

The Spanish lace scarfs and fichus, which have been out of fashion for some years past, can be utilized in the construction of the pretty evening hood which are now worn over the head. Take the Spanish lace and gather it into a hood-shaped piece and line it with a becoming shade of surah, silk or crepe. It is the best head covering which has yet been fashioned, as it is sufficient to afford protection, and yet it is so light that the coiffure is not disarranged.

If you desire to have your reception-room in accord with the demands of fashion you must have one or more dainty gilt chairs as a feature of its furnishings. If the room is small, one of these bright chairs will be sufficient to give the desired bit of brightness, but if the room is spacious several chairs may be used effectively.

But few small boys are now seen on the avenues and in the parks who are compelled by fond mothers to wear bangs. Fashionable mothers have decreed that their small sons shall wear their hair parted on the side in the good old-fashioned way.

The display of parasols made by some of the large shops have been simply bewildering. The handsome white silk sunshades, appliqued with real lace, embroidered with silk or brocaded in beautiful white and gold designs, suggest bridal festivities; but they probably will not be confined to these occasions, but later in the season will be displayed by young and old matrons at various fashionable resorts.

Summer jackets for children vary little from year to year, the different styles of reefer and sailor coats always remaining popular. A pleasing change this season are the jackets made of the drab shades of Bedford cords, in the sailor style, with slashed roiling collar.

Now that the asparagus season is again here there are temptingly displayed at the silversmith's various instruments with which to serve it. Asparagus tongs are used, but are rather awkward. I think the silver asparagus fork with cut glass handle is as convenient as anything I have seen, and it makes a very pretty bit of table furniture.

When you are searching for a present suitable for a gift, call on some of the silversmiths and ask for muffin shakers. Of course you know what I mean, or maybe you have not gotten beyond the sugar bowl and need to be enlightened, as I did a few months ago. They are silver sugar boxes with perforated tops for shaking sugar on hot cakes and waffles. They resemble pepper boxes in shape, but are much larger and vary in price from $8 to $40.

The hats of the season are amusing, if they are not becoming. The small hats and bonnets suggest a soup plate turned over, and the large hats resemble platters with fluted edges. Loose fitting gray gowns seem to be a fad with many literary women. If the purse of the litterateuse allows, the evening gown is of silk, and if the wearer is still young the sleeves are short, but much puffed. If silk is too costly she is contented with some soft woolen material. Most of the best known literary women are conventional rather than æsthetic in their evening attire. Seemingly the unknown need a uniform to distinguish them. Orchid gowns this spring are the fashion, as white than has been the fashion for some time past. Many of the coat shaped basques have a double row of pearl buttons, and another fancy is to have the basque fastened with a row of these buttons diagonally from shoulder to waist.

Nothing seems to take the place of velvets for the trimming of the various summer dress materials, although some of the wash fabrics are trimmed with the rococo embroideries, which are very showy.

Emeralds are at present a fashionable jewel, but as much care is necessary in their selection as in that of diamonds. Some people seem to forget this fact.

The yachting suits of this year are more simple than formerly, but are extremely graceful. A light weight, smooth finished blue cloth has been substituted for the flannel generally used for these gowns. Made with the clinging plain skirt and the sailor coat opening over a vest of some soft white or cream colored material, they make comfortable but becoming gowns for the warm weather. Many women wear these gowns on occasions other than strictly nautical ones.

VAIN THINGS FAREWELL.

Vain things farewell, you must delight no more;
Old pipe, adieu; you scent the curtain so—
'Tis strange she never noticed it before—
A few more puffs, old friend, and you must go.
No little game of "draw." Well, that's all right,
The boys can visit Charley now, or Ned.
No more sweet songs to while a summer's night,
Though we sang charmingly, she often said.
No "pocula aurata," they're tabooed;
I must keep early hours, must cut the boys—
In fact, I must be very, very good
And give up all menage de garcon joys.
So the old order passeth; these must go.
These photographs, I'll toss them in the grate,
Clarisse, Ma Belle, Pepita, Bonnie; no,
I'll keep them; but I'll hide them, though,
from Kate.
Pipe, pictures, pocula, all under ban:
Vana valetel I'm a married man.
ENVOY.
Ah! Prince, I'll give you a pointer, as men say;
You, too, shall bid adieu to these some day,
And make the sacrifice with fewer sighs,
If only you enjoy them while you may.
—[Eugene Field.

The Nicaragua Canal Project.

A Mexican gentleman lately gave a bit of curious history with regard to the proposed Nicaragua canal. He said that in the early days of the Spanish occupation there was talk of a canal across the isthmus, and a Spanish explorer named Gomara in 1551 indicated the Nicaragua route as the most feasible between the two seas. The Spanish government did not at the time give the matter attention, but in 1781, desiring quicker communication between the oceans, sent out an officer named Galisteo to make a survey of three different routes, and among them that through Nicaragua. He also reported in favor of the latter, but Spain could not raise the funds for construction. In 1838 the route was again surveyed, this time by an Englishman named Bailey, who was employed by the state of Nicaragua, and again in 1851 by Col. Childs for a company which proposed to undertake the canal. Nothing came of it, but in 1873 an officer of the United States navy made the survey which resulted in the choice of the route by the company which is now engaged on the work of the canal. —[St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Wonders of Interest.

According to popular tradition, the Island of Manhattan, the present New York city, was sold in 1624 for the sum of $25. The conclusion one would naturally jump to would be that, in the light of subsequent events, the sum was a ridiculously small price. But let us suppose that $25 had been placed out at seven per cent interest in the year 1624, and had been allowed to compound up to the year 1884, how much would it then have amounted to? Something in the neighborhood of $1,600,000,000.

Astonished the Barber.

The following is one of the tales of "Geordie" Drummond, the veteran North End man. It is well known that up in the North excitement over a great foot-ball match is extraordinary, and Drummond says that after the final tie in the English cup competition some three or four years ago, between Preston North End and West Bromwick Albion, a man came into the shop of a Preston barber, and threw himself down into a chair.

"Shave, sir?" inquired the barber.

"No! Throat cut!" was the astonishing reply. "North End's lost."—[Tid-Bits.

A Worse Slavery.

Guzzler—You are ruined by your sentimental ideas, Gusher. You are a slave to woman's smiles.

Gusher—All right, old man. You're a slave to your own smiles.—[Brooklyn Life.

Mr. Cleveland Can Tell.

If Hill cannot carry New York, of what avail is it for him to capture Indiana? This is one of the problems of contemporary politics.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

Some little fortunes have been made in this work. So say Anna Peck, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See our ad. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some one has made over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. Both sexes, Capital not needed. Particulars free. Write and we prove it. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

SING TO ME, LOVE.

Sing to me, love, when I am dying,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;"
When in the long sleep, love, I'm lying,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."
I shall hear the blissful echoes,
Through the archways of the sky,
As my spirit travels onward
Down before His feet to lie—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

Sing to me, love, should you miss me,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;"
When your arms, love, long to caress me,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."
I shall hear the lofty anthem
Through your spirit swell, and roll
Far beyond the grave and anguish
To my waiting, listening soul—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."
—[Helen P. Young in Boston Transcript.

STRAIGHT BANGS NOW.

Not Fashionable for a Woman to Appear With a Low Forehead.

At last there seems a tendency to change the general style of low hair-dressing which has been fashionable for an unusual length of time. The present style of hats and bonnets have made this change necessary. Those styles are preferred which allow some of the hair to come below the crown of the head. A favorite mode is that similar to a single chatelaine braid. Pointed bangs are being relegated to the Bowery and the straight cut English bang is once again in fashion.

A pretty black and gold gown worn at a fashionable charitable entertainment in Easter week was a black satin, brocaded in gold palm leaf design. There was quite a demi-train to the full skirt, which was simply made, and as it was worn by an ultra-fashionable woman in the afternoon the neck was high and the sleeves long. There are but few women who consider themselves fashionable who ever appear in a low cut bodice before the dinner hour, although occasionally you hear of one who dares to brave this unwritten law.

Black and gold brocaded effects are very stylish this season. A handsome pattern is brocaded with medium size gold butterflies.

A pretty and simple fashion for table decoration is at present all the rage. It consists of selecting large, fragrant roses of any preferred variety and placing them on the table as fancy dictates. Of course those with long stems and some leaves are selected. Last week at a quiet little luncheon this idea was carried out in a very pretty way. The roses were placed on the cloth separately, as I have mentioned, but were arranged to form a heart at either end of the table, just meeting in the center.

Just at present English walnuts shelled by machinery are a popular fad. Pretty little open-work silver dishes are placed on the table containing the nuts, which, dipped in a little salt, are regarded as easily digested appetizers during the courses of a dinner. English people almost always dip all kinds of nuts in salt, but it is a habit practiced by very few Americans.

If you possess that necessary amount of taste and skill, which is essential to the successful milliner you can obtain a fashionable dress bonnet this spring at a very small cost. Nearly every woman possesses a small bit of choice old black lace, in which case the only material you will have to purchase is a little gold lace or black jet, as your taste suggests, and a bunch of some delicately tinted lavender flowers. Purchase or make a flat saucer-shaped frame and cover with your lace, or arrange your flower to go to the back, allowing some of the leaves and blossoms to fall on the hair. Of course there is a knack in putting your materials together, but if you possess it don't waste your resources at a fashionable milliner's.

The period in which boys wear kilts has been greatly shortened during the past few years, and now one frequently sees boys as young as two years in some pretty style of sailor suit with trousers. These suits come in a number of styles representing the nautical costumes of different nations. English sailor hats have long been popular, but at last some patriotic mothers must have refused to allow their sons and heirs to wear them, for on middy's hats for small boys the names of some of the United States war ships are seen on the band.

The long capes hanging to or below the waist have become a recognized feature of the spring fashion, but some conservative women consider them too striking for street wear. A very pretty coat which is a compromise between cape and jacket bids fair to become quite as popular as the capes. One which was exhibited to me by a firm near Madison Square was of a dark shade of tan colored soft finished cloth, very much like a soft piece of flannel in texture. The back was tight fitting and came below the hips a few inches. The front was full and was draped from one shoulder to the other in such a way as to give the effect of a cape. Some spikes and silk cords of the same shade as the coat were used for trimming and altogether the result was the most tasteful garment which I have seen this season.

Combination card cases and pocket-books, which were a most convenient arrangement, are just now considered a trifle old-fashioned, and if you keep up with the latest whims you must carry card case and pocketbook of the same kind of leather and ornamented in the same manner. Little silver or gold fleur-de-lis are a fashionable ornamentation.—[Marion M., in the Chicago Herald.]

Must Have Something Now.

The Spanish dancers have had their day in New York, and it has not been very severe weather for them either. But they are now compelled to resort to devices of boom to finish out the season. There are two versions of one story. One is that a well-known man about town went to the performance and became so intoxicated by the sensuous measures of the fair Spainard's art as to lose his head and cry out for mercy, or something like that. The other is that being rather short of money he did the thing for $100 cash down in advance. We are strong for the Spanish women, and a rumor reached me that an effort will be made next season to introduce oriental dancers, whose venturesome feats are said to be absolutely startling. Their skirts reach quite to their feet, but the loose vest is utterly without fastenings of any kind. These women scarcely move from one spot, but their Ophidian grace is said to hold the spectator spellbound, and the exploiters assure us that the performance will be far more ennobling and edifying than the exposures made by the skirt dancers. Nor do these dancing women strive to move the lookers-on by all manner of suggestive smiles and facial contortions. During the dancing their big soft black eyes take on a calm and almost Madonna-like expression. Well, we shall see. It will be a novelty, anyway, and we must have something new.

A Bank on Wheels.

The managers of a bank in New Zealand have hit upon a scheme for an extension of business that is said to be meeting with great success. It has a special car which makes regular visits to the country districts, and at every station where it stops it receives deposits, cashes checks, negotiates loans and discounts, and does all the regular work of a bank. This plan is a great convenience to the settlers who are scattered over a wide area, they would be obliged to leave their farms and go to towns whenever they have business to transact. The car is fitted up something like the pay car on an American railway, and it is said that the enterprising bank manager took his idea from our pay car and improved upon the original. In this connection it is proper to say that in New Zealand there are few farms or estates without heavy mortgages, and the public debt of the country averages $500,000 for every white man, woman and child of the population. The annual taxation is $17 per head, but nobody seems inclined to run away from the country on that account.

A Short Talker.

Frederick William III, King of Prussia, and great-grandpater of the present emperor, was extremely averse to long speeches, and talked, whenever it was possible, in infinitives only. While taking the waters of Teplitz he heard of a Hungarian magnate who never made long speeches. "Must be decent fellow. Like to know him," muttered the King. And when a day or two afterward the Hungarian met him on his walk the King stepped up to him, and the laconic following conversation took place: "Bathe!" "Take waters." "Soldier!" "Magnate." "Indeed." "Policeman!" "King." "Congratulate." And they each went on their way, well satisfied. —[Pall Mall Gazette.

WAS DANGEROUS REALISM.

New York Managers and Their Wonderful Stage Effects.

A few managers of cheap theatres were chatting over the beer table in a Bowery resort.

"If you want stage realism," said one individual who had light red hair and a dark red nose, "ours is the place that gives it to you. Our fire scene is the greatest ever witnessed in New York. Just to give you an idea of the real look of it, a party of gentlemen from New Jersey was down to see the show the other night and when the tenement house conflagration in the third act began they all took fright. We work it up, you know, with a big noise, and these chaps finally thought the scenery was really on fire, and what did they do but begin throwing the fire grenades that are on the walls of the theatre at the stage. My leading man got hit in the head and he may die, and the leading lady had several false teeth knocked down her throat. I've got to let up on the realism business if I want to keep my show. The people can't understand the illusions."

"We're in a scrape down at our place," said a small fat man who had listened complacently to the above anecdote. "The wonderful realism of our iceberg scene in the second act of our melodrama threatens to get us into court. I have noticed for a long time that as soon as the curtain is rung up on the act the men in the audience all turn up the collars of their coats and the women's noses begin to get red, but I never thought there would be any serious result from the marvelous representation of extreme cold. The other night, however, a pale and emaciated young man and his mother occupied one of the stage boxes. Both seemed to enjoy the drama during the first act, but when the curtain rose on the second, revealing the icebergs and the gray sky, I noticed that the young man began to shiver violently. After a few moments the chatter of his teeth disturbed the actors on the stage, and presently the gallery called down to him to go home, as his shivering was spoiling the performance. The youth went away, and I thought no more about it until five days later I received a letter from the mother, saying that her son had died from a cold caught while watching the iceberg scene of our drama, and declaring that she was about to sue us for damages, asserting that we had no right to expose our patrons to danger by being too realistic."

The silence that followed this anecdote was only broken by a tall man with a slim neck, who drank a glass of beer with a sound like vinegar poured from a demijohn. Finally the young gentleman behind the bar called out to the artistic group:

"Say, you fellers wants ter pay fer that last round of beer, see, or there'll be a chuckin' out scene that'll lay way over anything you got down in yer theayters. Send up twenty-five, and no back talk."

The twenty-five was sent up with the murmured remark that high art in these degenerated days stood a hard chance when a profane man with a face like a dog could be allowed to break in upon a sweet symposium with a brutal demand for beer money.

AN EGYPTIAN BRIDE.

Almond-eyed, Rosy-cheeked, Supple and Graceful of Form.

It was in the Barrage, the famous bridge or double weir, the eastern part spanning the Damietta and the western the Rosetta branch of the Nile. It was there that the late khedive built a lovely palace and still more lovely garden, which, he, perhaps, graced with his presence once in his life and left to decay, just as all the Egyptians have done since the world begun, never renewing, never reviving, but building, as a child would build a toy house, to pull down and begin another. An American engineer, one of the half dozen retained in office, has charge of the bridge, and it is he who walks under the shadow of the palms and gathers the wild roses and eats the golden oranges that, whether or not, blossom and bear fruit in the deserted garden.

It was from the balcony of his house, a part of the old palace, looking out on the beautiful, blooming country, the green fields, the lovely, mysterious river, that we saw a cavalcade approaching, and heard the sound of the lute and pipe. "It is a fantasia," exclaimed our host; a fantasia meaning any fete or festa. Down the long white road they came, a procession of horsemen on white Arabian steeds, the last man dressed in handsome raiment and bearing himself with the proud air of one upon whom all eyes are fixed. Next to him strode a groomed and caparisoned camel with a rich blanket and an embroidered saddle, and after this another camel with even more gorgeous trappings, who bore a rich palanquin, curtained on every side with gold and crimson hangings. Within sat the bride. Following the bride were three other camels, on which were seated veiled women, and then came a train carrying household furniture, bedding, stuffs, chests, pots and pans, and all the various appurtenances essential to housekeeping in an Oriental country.

It was the bride's coming to the husband's house, the last day of the wedding, and the conclusion of the seven days' feasting. In a few hours he would for the first time lift the veil and see whether indeed what his mother has told him is true; whether she is almond-eyed and rosy-cheeked and supple of limb and graceful of form; whether she has a voice like the cooing of a dove, and is learned in the making of bread and dakkah, for not one glimpse of her face, not one word from her lips has ever been vouchsafed to him. Poor fellow! Do those brilliant curtains shroud loveliness or deformity? Has the mother been won over by the pile of stuffs and the earrings and bracelets to fancy beauty where there are only riches? It has happened so in other lands. But the bride—have I no pitying words for the bride, who is also supposed to be ignorant of the lineaments of her husband? The bride is a woman. There are windows, though latticed windows, in the house in the village over the plain, and the brown eyes were never darkened when, veiled and shrouded, she went to the mosque or well. We may be sure the bride has seen him many a day and oft, and loved or hated him after the fashion of women who, heaven be praised, do not need a century of contemplation

HOME TALKS.

ON LIVING IN A "RUSH."

You Will Live Longer, Accomplish More and be Happier by Taking Things Quietly, Without Hurrying.

ARE you in a hurry?

If that is your habit of mind—if it is your disposition to do everything with a rush, then stop right where you are, and fight as you would for your life against this tendency. In fact you *are* fighting for your life, since you put, in this way, the action, the force, the energy into one hour which should have served for two.

I watched from my window, a day or two ago, men going to their business. There was such a difference in their manner of walking, and I am sure the same difference extends through all which they do. One raced by with his head thrown forward, his body aslant, showing that his body could not drag his feet forward fast enough, and was leaving them behind. When he reached his place of business, I have no doubt but he entered it breathless, with his nerves a-quiver, and ready to be thrown completely out of gear upon the slightest provocation. That man is using himself up just as fast as possible. He will be broken down just when he should be in the full vigor of manhood, or a halt will be called and he compelled to give up the body he has thus used and abused, at the very time when he could be of the greatest service to humanity, and when life promises the most for himself and for his family.

Another man I saw walked with a quick, firm, elastic step, in which, however, there was no trace of undue haste. Erect and vigorous, he looked as if there were no other concern of importance than what he was then doing. His keen eye took in his surroundings, and his thought remained with what he saw. Yet he was evidently no laggard, but ready for each duty, as it came along. For the present it was walking to his place of business, which he intended to reach in a proper time, but he did not mean to let his thought outstrip his body. Probably he was not at all conscious of such a determination, but he had acquired the habit of doing one thing at a time. He did not live in a hurry.

We see this same thing every day, and it is just as potent in the homes, among women, as among men in their business lives. Indeed I do not know but that it is more so, because it is impossible to be as systematic in the household arrangements, as methodical in house work, as men can be in the office, counting room, store, or upon the farm. There are so many things about which there can be no law. Interruptions are so frequent and beyond control; variations in weather have so much to do with hindering or accelerating what must be done, that the housekeeper is not able to make such definite calculations and live up to them. Yet for all that there is a world of hurry indulged in that is useless, and not only that, but hurtful. From morning until night the mistress of the household rushes from one thing to another with the demon of hurry at her elbow to nag her on, so that when the eventide draws nigh and the season for the family to gather together approaches, she is too jaded and weary to enjoy their presence.

No doubt you will, most of you who do this, say that there is no help for it. If you did not hurry the work would never be done. There is, of course, more or less of truth in that, and yet the feeling of "rush," the doing in your mind of everything there is to be accomplished before you can possibly reach it with the body, hinders instead of helps. A calm, steady, steadfast frame of mind is what enables more labor to be compassed, while, at the same time, the physical is not strained almost, if not quite, beyond endurance. Just now it is, in many parts of the country, the season for the annual housecleaning. A general renovating process is to be gone through with, carpets taken up, pictures taken down, furniture rubbed up—in short everything in the house is to be relieved of its accumulation of dirt and put in order for another year's wear.

I do not think any of you will dispute me when I say that a large majority of women will feel, when it is over, that life possesses few charms for them. They have had a hard task; they have rushed from one thing to another, with hurry, hurry, in their thoughts, and the natural effect is exhibited upon their bodies.

I read what Mrs. Edmund Russell, the Delsartean lecturer upon physical culture, said upon this habit of hurrying, and although these remarks were especially directed towards the crowd of shoppers that daily throng certain streets of New York, they will apply almost anywhere.

"See how they do huddle! Shoulders up, heads away out, arms wildly clutching, eyes straining and fairly starting from their sockets! What waste of motion, what awkwardness! They have not been taught the laws of expense in muscle, any more than in time and money. They are wildly grabbing in the dark, with a dead waste of physical and mental forces. * * * * * *

One feels tempted to call to them 'Stop! stop! All of you stand still a minute! Let go! Shake yourself loose! Relax your muscles, and fetch back your wandering thoughts, which are three or four blocks ahead of your bodies and are scattered in three or four different stores at once."

The question is, what is the necessity of such hurrying? What difference will a week, more or less, make a year hence? Suppose the house cleaning were not finished until the summer, the spring shopping not done until a week later, what then? Would the sky fall?

The truth is a great many of these things are of no especial importance if we did not make them so. We worry and fret, fret and worry over matters that are forgotten in the twinkling of an eye. Let real misfortune come, a crushing sorrow, and how paltry and insignificant the fact of a few days' delay in some household labor, or in the season's purchases, appear! That one thing should show us the unwisdom of making ourselves miserable if we do not accomplish all that we desire to in a given time.

When we get into the "hurry" mood of mind it would be well for us to stop and think over the following story, which most of you have perhaps read before, and which Frances Willard told so effectively in her address to the National Council of Women held in Washington, last February:

In the sixteenth century lived St. Philip de Neri. Among his favorite pupils was a young man who became a student in a famous Italian university. One day he went with joyful voice to tell the saint of his successes and his hopes. "I have entered the law school," he said, "and am delighted with my studies, in which I make great progress."

The calm, gentle eyes of the saint regarded him fixedly as he asked, "Very well, my son, when you have finished the course, what do you mean to do then?" "Take my degree," was the answer, with an eager smile. "And then?" quietly queried the saint. "Why, I shall attract great notice by my learning, by my eloquence, by my acuteness, and gain a great reputation." Gently sounded the deep voice of Saint Philip as he asked, "And then?" "Why, I shall be promoted to great office and grow rich," answered his pupil, with enthusiasm. "And then?" repeated the saint. "Well, then I shall marry and settle in life honorably and win great dignity and distinction." "And then?" came the question once more. The young man was puzzled. "Then—why, then I shall die." In his deep, sweet voice Saint Philip said, "And then?" The young man made no answer, but cast his glance downward, and hurriedly went away.

It is the "And then" that we all need to stop and think of when we are rushing on, hurrying hither and thither, breathless and absorbed, fearful lest we shall not put just so much of accomplishment within the hour. And they are so often such trivial things in reality, upon which we waste our energies!

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Some Suggestions.

ANYBODY with an eye to possibilities in the way of house furnishing can make a little go a good ways by using some money. No one can make anything elegant without considerable expense, and when you read that it can be done, do not believe it. You may, however, freshen up things and add to their beauty by some work. For instance, if you have any of those small square tables, which have been marred by long use, cover the top with a pretty cretonne, and have a frill three or four inches wide around the edge, but be careful not to make it too full. Should there be an under shelf, cover it in the same way. It will make a very pretty article of furniture for a bed-room. Its appearance will be improved by covering the legs with plush.

Somewhere I saw not long ago a suggestion of a baby-box for the comfort of mothers. This was a strong wooden box of the size of an ordinary tea chest. Stain and varnish it upon the outside, and lay a pretty rug upon the bottom of it. In this the baby is to sit on. Have holes made in the sides, two inches in diameter about two-thirds of the way from the bottom to the top for peek-a-boo holes. Put a smooth rod, a piece of broom handle would do, across one end to which some of baby's playthings are attached, while others are laid by its side. The little one will sit in this warm, cozy place safe, happy and contented while the mother is busy about her work. If castors are put upon the bottom, the box and baby may be easily rolled from one room to another.

In these days when it is so easy to purchase the materials for work, pleasant changes can be made in furnishings if only one has the patience to do it. An old set of bedroom furniture that is defaced may be scraped, sand-papered, and then painted over with some of the light paints that come in cans that cost only 25 cents a piece, one of them or two at most being sufficient for bedstead, washstand and bureau. The change wrought will be marvelous.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

SOFA PILLOW COVER.—Get a square of fine white linen, and cover it all over with wavy lines in yellow silk, putting it in with outline, chain or a running stitch, if preferred. This makes the background, and a very pretty one it is too. Then put on this a pattern in heavy embroidery, having it in bold figures that will stand out well, and the effect is very beautiful, and it is also something entirely new.

PRETTY PICTURE SCARF.—Take a piece of sheet wadding, split in two, take off as much cotton as you can without tearing the outside; turn down a half inch on both sides, pasting with white of egg to hold in place. Put a hem of two inches on each end, leaving smooth side for right side. Paint spray of wild roses on one end, and spray of yellow daisies on other. Trim ends with lace. Tie in center with ribbon and you have a lovely picture scarf.

TWO PRETTY BOTTLES.—Get two bottles, such as the syrups come in for making soda water. Cut two pieces of paper about three inches square, paste on front side of bottle with white of egg. Now paint a little scenery on each, say one snow scene or winter scene and one summer scene. After this prepare a delicate pink paint and paint the rest of bottle. Be sure to have a pretty blue sky on the scenery. Finish with a puff over top of bottles and you will be pleased with the effect. The puff of satin, silk or plush, same shade as your sky, is prettiest. Would like to hear about painting flowers, scenery, etc.—E. S.

SADDLEBAG HEADREST.—Get 50 in. each of contrasting pieces of silk 12 in. in width. I have China silk; a delicate shade of old rose in the ground, with trailing vines in cream, and a deep cream for lining. Now cut each piece in two in the center and sew up, leaving a small slit in each. You now have two "pillows" 12 in. wide and 15 in. long. Stuff with elder down and tie together with long strips of ribbon, and throw across the back of chair. I forgot to say to tie in three places to keep from stretching out of place—at each corner and in the center.

MATCH SAFE AND SCRATCHER.—A very pretty match safe is made by gilding two ordinary cob pipes. Cross the stems in the center, fasten with strong thread and tie a bow of blue ribbon over the joining. For the scratcher, get a pasteboard roll that ribbon has been rolled on, cut sand paper the size of the ends, and glue fast. Now get orange ribbon a little over one-third the width of the roll or drum, and long enough to reach round; fasten tight exactly in the center of the drum. Get two lengths of blue plush, now, a little less than one-third the width of the drum, draw tight and fasten one length on each side the center piece of orange. Now get tinsel cord and fasten back and forth, imitating exactly the ropes on an ordinary bass drum; fasten on medium lengths of tinsel, or rather loops, slip the pipes through the loops and I think you will be pleased with the result.

PHOTOGRAPH HOLDER.—I'm making a photo holder for a friend that is very pretty and dainty, I think. Get 1 1-3 yards of one shade, and 2-3 yard of another of ribbon, 2 inches wide. Cream and pink, cream and blue, blue and orange, garnet and pink, and dozens of others make pretty combinations. Cut the longest piece in the center, double one end of each piece so they will hang in points and fasten. The other ends shape like saw teeth. Sew together the odd pieces in the center, and very neatly, too, or stitches will show. Fasten silk balls or tassels on the points. Get one dozen copper rings, crochet around with silk to match the ribbon. Sew together and fasten about two inches from the end that is pointed, as it will hold the photo firmly. That is, six in first row, four in next, leaving one place in the center, without any rings, then one between each of the rings in last row. Gather about four inches from the top and hang like a scarf. If done neatly, it makes a very pretty wall decoration for "my lady's" room.—JUNITA.

CRAZY RUG.—Get a piece of burlap, the size you wish your rug, and hem all around. Then take old pieces of worsted and put on crazy fashion, and work each seam with bits of bright zephyr.—PRACTICAL HOUSEWIFE, Hancock, N. H.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; c s t, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stiten; p, picots; r c, ribbed crochet; c s t, crossed treble stitch; sh sh, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stiten; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

VINE-LEAF PATTERN.—Cast on 20 stitches for each pattern. 1st row—k 2—o—n—(by k 2 tog)—o—k 1—o—n—p 1—n—p 1—sl 1—k 1 and pass slipped stitch over—p 1—sl 1—k 1 and pass over slipped stitch—o—k 1—o—n—o—k 1. 2d row—p k—except in stitches purled in the last row, which are now to be knitted. 3d row—k 2—o—n—o—k 3—o—k 2 tog—p 1—sl 1—k 2 tog and pass over the slipped stitch—o—k 3—o—n—o—k 1. 4th row—As 2d. 5th row—k 2—o—n—o—k 5—o—sl 1—k 2 tog and pass slipped stitch over—make 1—k 5—o—n—o—k 1. 6th row—p. 7th row—k 2—o—n—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 3—n—p 1—sl 1—k 1 and pass the slipped stitch over—k 1—o—n—o—k 1. 8th row—As 2d. Repeat from the 1st row.

PRETTY FLANNEL TRIMMING.—Cast on 11 stitches—1st row—k 3—make 1—n 1—k 1—make 1—n 1—make 2—n 1—k 1. 2d row—k 3—seam 1—put back thread—k 2—make 1—n 1—k 1—make 1—n 1—k 1. 3d row—k 3—make 1—n 1—k 1—make 1—n 1—k 4. 4th row—k 2—sl and bind—k 4—make 1—n 1—k 1—make 1—n 1—k 1.

Correspondence.

A PARADISE FOR FLOWER LOVERS.—A clear, bright, crisp May morning! The sun rises now due east. By and by he will rise and set so far northward that we do not lose the glow of his light, even during the night hours. Spring has seemed unable to make up her mind whether she will stay with us or not, but,

That's Northun natur', slow, an' apt to doubt:
But when it does get stirred, there's no gin-out!

The flowers are everywhere! In no other country did I ever see such a variety of wild flowers, or any that bloom so early. I have beds of crocus, but the buttercup beats them by three weeks, at least. The first spring I was here I gathered the first bunch on January 6, when the snow was two feet deep around the bare spots. For it melts away in spots among the rocks, and the little, glittering ball of gold fairly springs into bloom. Next come the lemon lily—native here. It sends up two long, slender leaves, then a stalk that varies from six to eighteen inches, and has from one to six petals. The blossom is a bright lemon color, and sweetly fragrant. We gather them by handfuls—armfuls—and never tire of their beauty and sweetness. Along with them, and crowding after, thick and fast, are the golden bells, the chime blue bell and the tube-rose blue bell; then the cycleman, in white, purple and rose. The wild larkspur shows great patches of vivid blue in the opens, and down in the spring it stands six feet high, and its flowers and buds resemble a flock of birds. The blue violets and wild strawberry blossoms are so thick one can scarcely step without crushing them. Vast acres of huckleberry bushes and broad reaches of killikinick vines hang out myriads of tiny, queer shaped pink bells, giving promise of ample fruitage. If we go farther down into the woods, the wondrous variety only increases. The very evergreens are assuming the tint of fresh attire. Shrub and bush are putting forth tender leaves and dainty flower buds. Ferns are unfolding curling fronds amid the upspringing thimble-berry shoots, the wake robins and yellow violets tempt us across the tinkling brook, and masses of linea borealis, and pyrola, show tiny buds of promise. Here at least nature has it all her own way, and a lavish display of all things lovely is the result. Far overhead the pines, firs and larches sway in regular rhythm as the wind, like some grand organ, sends swelling tones through all the forest, rising and falling in that anthem old as creation.

How the squirrels chatter! How the birds chirp and sing and twitter, fairly tipsy with springtime gladness. Many of the birds that are in "the states" during the winter, nest here, and the cunning cradles of the baby birds are often fairly under our feet. We have not the oriole, or thrush, and our jays are black where yours are white, but the blessed robin redbreast is the same home-bird everywhere, and his cheery call will fairly cure home-sickness.

There! we are well laden with floral treasures, and turn homeward, knowing that each day will but increase the store, for beauty here lasts all the year. We stop to admire gorgeous tulips opening in the sunshine, glance at the pinks and other pretty things that promise sweetness, examine the trim garden beds to see if seeds are coming up, then turn to household cares with new zest for to ramble is often a rest, and to me is much to recompense one for living out on the frontier.—JEANIE J., Washington.

Correspondence Clippings.

I have always been very fond of my books, but since living on my "claim," far from neighbors, they have become near and personal friends. Therefore I was surprised and grieved when I found my greatest favorite, "Ben-Hur," so highly censured in a late BLADE by "Aunt Sue." The first time, I believe, that I ever heard it objected to. Still I find consolation in the thought that the criticism was written by one who never read the book. It seems to me no one could read it through and then say "it is only a love story."

Perhaps I am a poor judge, but to me the historical, descriptive, narrative and religious parts were excellent. I hope some one who has read "Ben-Hur" and can give an unprejudiced opinion of it, will do so.—WILDA WEST.

Inquiries.

I hope there will more amusements for the young appear in the HOUSEHOLD in the way of parties and games. They are such a help to us away here in the new part of Oregon. We have a smart class of people here and the young love amusements just as well as in any place, but the trouble is to get something new and interesting for them.

Can any one give a recipe that will cleanse the system of erysipelas?—MRS. W. D. C.

Can some one give a recipe for whitening the hands? My hands are soft, but look red and swollen. How can this be remedied?—MATTIE W.

Will some one give full instructions for painting in water colors? Can they be used in painting on cloth? I know nothing whatever about it. Please give full instructions for mixing paints, etc.

Will some one tell how to make some pretty, not expensive, presents for gentlemen? Not cigar boxes or tobacco pouches.—SUSAN.

Will some reader of THE BLADE tell me of some certain recipe for removing superfluous hair permanently? I am young, and find an embarrassing growth coming on my upper lip. It troubles me, and I shall feel relieved to find a way for its removal. Is such a thing a disgrace? —MARIE.

There are many depilatories advertised, but we should advise you to be very cautious about using any of them. Better let them alone. Such a thing as you speak of is certainly no "disgrace," and if you pay no attention to it you will seldom, if ever, experience any embarrassment. A young lady should have her mind so filled with other things, that she will have no time to think of a moustache on her lip.—ED.

Will some one tell me how the ruins of Pompeii were first discovered? and are travelers allowed to visit the buried city and see the streets and houses that we read about?—HELEN.

Will some one give a recipe for making sour krout like that we buy from our grocery stores, and at what time of the year should it be made in the state of Tennessee?—SUBSCRIBER.

Repeat the name and say you are glad to see her.—ED.

I would like to have some directions for raising peanuts; when and how should they be planted; how much seed is required for an acre; and how should they be cultivated?—FARMER GIRL.

Answers to Inquiries.

Once more we repeat that we cannot answer inquiries, or use manuscript sent to us, unless it is written with ink; on *one side only* of a sheet of paper; and with the real name and address of the writer given, as well as the name desired for publication. Every week much that would be of interest to the HOUSEHOLD is consigned to the waste basket, because of the writers having neglected to observe this positive rule of the office. —ED.

Lucy: The editor thanks you and the many other correspondents, who have expressed such kindly feelings toward her, but is certain that it would not be expedient for her to accede to your request for "a full description" of her personal appearance. You might be disappointed, and not enjoy her weekly visits to your homes, as well as when each of you have your own idea of what she "looks like."—ED.

Ella H.: The spoon-collecting craze seems to be universal. Some ladies endeavor to have a spoon from every different city; others make a point of having different designs, or shapes. The berry spoons of to-day are fashioned like a flower petal; soup spoons are like fluted shells, or on the handle may be found suggestive designs, as a tomato. Ice cream spoons are small and taper to narrow spade-like edge. Orange spoons are similar in shape, with an edge ground sharp, to cut. Bon-bon spoons have flat, round bowls, short handles with quaintly carved tops and are sometimes furnished with rings to hang from the girdle. Any spoon will be an appropriate gift for any occasion when gifts are in order.—ED.

Tired Housekeeper: The experiment of co-operative housekeeping has been successfully demonstrated in Decatur, Ill., where 52 families banded together, secured a kitchen and necessary help, with a paid housekeeper to oversee the cooking and sewing. Each of the ladies takes her turn for a week at a time in superintending the housekeeping, buying the supplies and arranging the menu. She is at liberty then, for the remaining 51 weeks of the year, to devote herself to self-culture, travel, or what is most important in nearly every family—the training and education of her children. The total cost for service and supplies, including a liberal bill of fare has been reduced to $2.50 per week for each person. Such an arrangement could be made on a smaller scale in any city, though in that case the expense would doubtless be greater than where it is divided among a larger number.—ED.

If "Carrie" will take warm water and boil sage stalks in it till quite strong and dark, then wash her hair, and rub the scalp thoroughly whenever the hair is combed, I am sure her hair will become all she desires.—L. D.

Emma L: To prevent dumplings boiled with chicken from falling, lift one at a time from kettle, using 2 forks, break each one open as soon as taken out, as the escape of steam prevents them from falling.—A READER OF BLADE.

A subscriber from Indiana wishes to know how to feed his bees. Take some good white sugar; make into a syrup, (be careful not to burn it). When cool enough, take empty combs from hive and pour syrup in by holding it far enough above the combs to let it drop in the cells; it will run out of the combs. Then set back in hive. I prefer out door feeding if your neighbors have no bees to carry off your syrup.—C. E. W.

Recipes.

LEMON PIE.—Mix together the yelks of 2 eggs; 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar; 1 tablespoonful of corn starch or flour, rubbed smooth in a little cold milk; ½ cupful sweet milk, the grated yellow rind and juice of 1 lemon. Line a deep pie tin with rich paste, fill with the mixture and bake until the custard is set, no longer. Spread over the top of the pie, when baked, the whites of 2 eggs beaten to a stiff froth, with 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, and slightly brown in the oven. To be eaten very cold.—HELEN J.

POTATO SOUP.—1 doz. potatoes; 1 cupful sweet milk; 2 qts. cold water; 1 onion; 1 tablespoonful butter; 1 tablespoonful flour. Peel and slice the potatoes, and boil 10 minutes. Drain off the water, return the potatoes to the kettle with 2 qts of cold water, and the onion; boil an hour, or until the potatoes are very tender; rub through a sieve. Return the strained soup to the kettle, bring to the boil and stir in the butter and flour rubbed smooth; season to taste with salt and pepper, and just before serving add a cupful of hot milk.—MRS. E. E. J.

CREAM TURNIPS.—Peel, slice and stew till tender 5 or 6 white turnips; thicken 1 cupful of milk with 1 tablespoonful of butter and ½ tablespoonful of flour, a little pepper and salt. Drain the water from the turnips, pour the gravy over them and let them stand over the fire for 10 minutes, but do not let them boil. Serve very hot.

TOMATO SOUP.—To 1 can, or 6 fresh tomatoes, add 1 qt. of boiling water; let them cook ½ hour, and add 1 teaspoonful of soda. When it foams, add 1 pt. sweet milk, 1 tablespoonful butter, salt and pepper. Boil up once and serve hot. This is good, and can be prepared upon short notice if unexpected company comes in.—HOUSEKEEPER.

Now, when oranges and lemons are so cheap and plentiful, we give some recipes for using them, which will help the anxious housekeeper in the matter of deserts between the winter and summer. Oranges are very nice eaten raw for breakfast or at any time when fruit is permissible, and the juice of ½ a lemon in a ½ tumblerful of either hot or cold water drank before breakfast is a most excellent appetizer, and remedy for many stomach irregularities.

LEMON WHIP.—Cover ½ box of gelatine with ½ cupful of cold water, and stand aside for ½ hour, then add 1 pt. of boiling water, 2 cupfuls of sugar and the juice of 2 good-sized lemons. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, and stand away to cool. When cool, add the unbeaten whites of 3 eggs, and whip the whole to a stiff froth. Turn into a mold and stand in a cool place to harden.—FANNY.

FLOATING LEMON PUDDING.—Scald 1 qt. of milk; beat 3 eggs with 3 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, which has been rubbed smooth, in a little cold milk; stir the eggs and cornstarch into the milk, and cook 5 or 10 minutes, stirring it constantly. Have ready one large lemon, peeled and sliced very thin, with all seeds removed. Pour a part of the pudding into the dish in which it is to be served, lay on it some of the slices of lemon, then more of the pudding, leaving a layer of lemon on top, cover this with powdered sugar. Make this early in the morning if you wish it for it, or a 6 o'clock dinner, and serve very cold.—MARY M. JAQUITH.

HOUSECLEANING DAYS

THE SADDEST OF ALL THE YEAR.

Some Ways of Doing and Some Other Ways—What Some Wives Have to Contend With—One Housekeeper's Method.

WHEN the sun is shining brightly, the birds singing, the grass looking so beautiful, and everything in nature—poets and all—telling us that spring has come again with all of its promise of bud and blossom, it is difficult to realize that these days for which we have longed during the dreary storms of winter, may be made the "saddest of the year," but, alas! Besides flowers and grass, new vegetables and spring lamb, comes also spring house-cleaning. Next to the much abused mother-in-law, the pet grievance of the average man is house-cleaning. Not but that they appreciate sweet, clean rooms as well as their wives do, but they long to "attain at once the unattainable" and reach the paradise of a clean house, without first passing through the purgatory of house-cleaning; and year after year they make their doleful complaint of "eating their cold lunches on the mantel shelf, or in the kitchen," or wherever they may happen to find a place; of their wrestlings with stove-pipes and carpets"; of "stepping upon cakes of soap" left inadvertantly upon the stairs, and of the consequences that follow; of hurrying, anxious and cross—yes, cross—wives, and of all the ills to which man is heir, during the annual or semi-annual war upon his peace and quiet.

That is all very sad, I will allow; but then it isn't half of it true, which is one comfort, and not one-quarter of the trouble ever comes on them, that falls to the lot of the wife. "She need not clean house!" Ah, yes! I have heard men say that, before, and afterwards heard the same men talk most eloquently of the husbands and sons who have been driven to the saloon because their homes were not kept bright and clean and pleasant for them.

House cleaning is one of the necessary evils of housekeeping, but there are ways, and ways, of accomplishing it. Some of those ways we will consider.

The first record we have is when we are told, in the Bible, of the woman who "lighted a candle and swept her house diligently till she found her lost piece of silver." House cleaning by candle light could be excused only for so good a reason as this woman had; now-a-days it is seldom that any one is rewarded for their labor in that manner, though very many things besides money, come to light at these seasons—things whose very existence we have forgotten.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth the lords and ladies were accustomed to visit friends at a distance, while the servants "sweetened" the house, and if we may judge of the condition of their houses by our knowledge of the sanitary laws of that period, we will believe that "sweetening" was a very great necessity after a year's occupancy of a castle.

In modern times, people of sufficient means—I use the word "sufficient" advisedly—put the house into the hands of decorators and servants, and hie themselves away to fairer pastures, returning to find everything in perfect order with no trace of the storm that has swept through the house—except the bills; but as the greater number of people cannot meet such bills, they cannot delegate others to do the work, but must "put their shoulder blades to the wheel," as Josiah Allen's wife says.

First of all, there is the "talking it over," that we may decide how much we can afford in the way of paper and paint, which is most important in nearly every family—the training and education of her children. The total cost for service and supplies, including a liberal bill of fare has been reduced to $2.50 per week for each person. Such an arrangement could be made on a smaller scale in any city, though in that case the expense would doubtless be greater than where it is divided among a larger number.—ED.

If "Carrie" will take warm water and boil sage stalks in it till quite strong and dark, then wash her hair, and rub the scalp thoroughly whenever the hair is combed. I am sure her hair will become all she desires.—L. D.

Emma L: To prevent dumplings boiled with chicken from falling, lift one at a time from kettle, using 2 forks, break each one open as soon as taken out, as the escape of steam prevents them from falling.—A READER OF BLADE.

A subscriber from Indiana wishes to know how to feed his bees. Take some good white sugar; make into a syrup, (be careful not to burn it). When cool enough, take empty combs from hive and pour syrup in by holding it far enough above the combs to let it drop in the cells; it will run out of the combs. Then set back in hive. I prefer out door feeding if your neighbors have no bees to carry off your syrup.—C. E. W.

Recipes.

LEMON PIE.—Mix together the yelks of 2 eggs; 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar; 1 tablespoonful of corn starch or flour, rubbed smooth in a little cold milk; ½ tablespoonful melted butter; 1 cupful sweet milk, the grated yellow rind and juice of 1 lemon. Line a deep pie tin with rich paste, fill with the mixture and bake until the custard is set, no longer. Spread over the top of the pie, when baked, the whites of 2 eggs beaten to a stiff froth, with 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, and slightly brown in the oven. To be eaten very cold.—HELEN J.

POTATO SOUP.—1 doz. potatoes; 1 cupful sweet milk; 2 qts. cold water; 1 onion; 1 tablespoonful butter; 1 tablespoonful flour. Peel and slice the potatoes, and boil 10 minutes. Drain off the water, return the potatoes to the kettle with 2 qts of cold water, and the onion; boil an hour, or until the potatoes are very tender; rub through a sieve. Return the strained soup to the kettle, bring to the boil and stir in the butter and flour rubbed smooth; season to taste with salt and pepper, and just before serving add a cupful of hot milk.—MRS. E. E. J.

CREAM TURNIPS.—Peel, slice and stew till tender 5 or 6 white turnips; thicken 1 cupful of milk with 1 tablespoonful of butter and ½ tablespoonful of flour, a little pepper and salt. Drain the water from the turnips, pour the gravy over them and let them stand over the fire for 10 minutes, but do not let them boil. Serve very hot.

TOMATO SOUP.—To 1 can, or 6 fresh tomatoes, add 1 qt. of boiling water; let them cook ½ hour, and add 1 teaspoonful of soda. When it foams, add 1 pt. sweet milk, 1 tablespoonful butter, salt and pepper. Boil up once and serve hot. This is good, and can be prepared upon short notice if unexpected company comes in.—HOUSEKEEPER.

Now, when oranges and lemons are so cheap and plentiful, we give some recipes for using them, which will help the anxious housekeeper in the matter of deserts between the winter and summer. Oranges are very nice eaten raw for breakfast or at any time when fruit is permissible, and the juice of ½ a lemon in a ½ tumblerful of either hot or cold water drank before breakfast is a most excellent appetizer, and remedy for many stomach irregularities.

LEMON WHIP.—Cover ½ box of gelatine with ½ cupful of cold water, and stand aside for ½ hour, then add 1 pt. of boiling water, 2 cupfuls of sugar and the juice of 2 good-sized lemons. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, and stand away to cool. When cool, add the unbeaten whites of 3 eggs, and whip the whole to a stiff froth. Turn into a mold and stand in a cool place to harden.—FANNY.

FLOATING LEMON PUDDING.—Scald 1 qt. of milk; beat 3 eggs with 3 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, which has been rubbed smooth, in a little cold milk; stir the eggs and cornstarch into the milk, and cook 5 or 10 minutes, stirring it constantly. Have ready one large lemon, peeled and sliced very thin, with all seeds removed. Pour a part of the pudding into the dish in which it is to be served, lay on it some of the slices of lemon, then more of the pudding, leaving a layer of lemon on top, cover this with powdered sugar. Make this early in the morning if you wish it for it, or a 6 o'clock dinner, and serve very cold.—MARY M. JAQUITH.

Reduction for Quantity.

Chicago woman—How much do you charge for securing a divorce?

Chicago lawyer—One hundred dollars, ma'am; or six for five hundred.—[Judge.

The Spring Medicine.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health-giving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tired, unsatisfactory condition when you may be so much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

UTICA, KAN.
Roy Waltz.

Names this week, 1. Total, 31,051.
The above embraces all names received up to April 27.

A Spring Meeting.

(ROBIN TO WREN.)

Hullo, Bob Wren!
Are you back again?
Glad to see you so well and so merry!
Fear we're here
Rather early this year!
Dear, but I wish I'd a bite of cherry!
Just ripe in the South,
Melt in your mouth.
Weren't you sorry to leave the sunny
Land of bloom, and of bees and honey?

By-and-by here 'twill be bright and jolly
With land and blossom, but somehow now
The atmosphere seems melancholy,
For there's not a leaf on a single bough:
And the wind, oh, how it makes you shiver,
And long for the balmy air that blows
The reeds that quiver
Above some river
That warm in Floridian sunlight flows!

Have you any new songs to sing this season?
And do you know where you are going to stop?
We've taken rooms in the very top
Of "The Maple"—prices quite within reason.
You've a flat near by that you've leased till
How nice! Then surely you'll come and call.
—[Clinton Scollard in Harper's Young People.

MINNIE'S HEROES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOUBLE DUTCH," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"There are last that shall be first."

All night long there had figured in Minnie's dreams a great circle of light, and in that circle of light had appeared her papa and mamma, her brother Tom, little toddling Georgie and Uncle Charlie, and the antics they played were something astonishing.

Now the sun, which had been up an hour or more, peeped round the corner of Minnie's window, and finding a little space between the blind and the curtain, darted such a bright beam into the room, and across the sleeper's face, that the circle of light vanished, and Minnie's blue eyes opened. Very often the sun had looked in at Minnie's window in the same way, and she had turned her face to the wall or hidden her eyes beneath the coverlet; but this day was to be an eventful one, so, without waiting even to rub her eyes, she sprang out of bed. It was to be an eventful day, indeed, for the dream of the great circle of light was to be realized. She knew well enough what it meant—nothing more nor less than the magic lantern she had been saving up for, ever so long.

Next Thursday was Minnie's birthday, and it was a brilliant idea of hers to save up her money to buy a magic lantern, so that the usual birthday party might be dignified with a display of dissolving views. Forfeits and blind-man's buff were all very well, but they were tame and insipid after she had once come possessed of this idea.

Now, although Minnie had been saving up for a long time, it must not be imagined that she had a great deal of money on hand. Like other people, she had many calls on her purse; and, although with grim determination one may buy a tin money box, with no opening but the one to put the money in, still, after learning the secret of debiting one's account with a pair of scissors, the contents of the banker's is seldom heavy. One shilling and three halfpence was the exact sum. It is true one cannot buy a really fine magic lantern for a shilling; but at 12 years of age all things are possible, and the expectations that a shilling will give rise to are boundless.

Before dinner time that day the money box was an empty shell, quite incapable of rattle, and Minnie was the possessor of the long coveted magic lantern. And truly there was magic in it, by the way Minnie's eyes danced and her fingers trembled as she undid the brown paper, and then the sheet of tissue that wrapped it round, disclosing the red and white check box that held the precious lantern and the smaller one of the same pattern that contained the slides. With bated breath the lantern was lifted out of the box and placed on the table. How bright it looked—like polished silver. Then the door was opened in the side, and the lens, together with the lamp, all wrapped carefully, each by itself, in tissue paper, were drawn out. A sigh of deepest, fullest satisfaction escaped Minnie's lips.

Then the box of slides was opened, each one being held up in turn to the light to be admired, and little 2-year-old Georgie was lifted on to the table to have a peep at them too. A very interesting series they were. The first eight were marked "British Heroes." One was the Duke of Wellington, with a red uniform, and equally red cheeks; then came Lord Nelson, turned profile, so as not to show his blind eye; Sir John Franklin, Gen. Gordon, Lord Wolseley—which, by the way, was not a successful portrait, for the artist had missed his mark, and, instead of putting the red on his cheek, had deposited the greater part of it on his nose—Sir Henry Havelock, Sir Walter Raleigh and the Duke of Marlborough completed the series; and that all tastes might be suited, the remainder were comic slides.

Now, nothing could have pleased Minnie better than this series. We do not mean the comic ones, which dealt chiefly with jam pots, donkey kicking, old gentlemen in nightcaps, with enterprising mice about to leap down their throats, and such like. These she regarded as frivolous; it was the serious series that delighted her, for Minnie was a born hero worshipper.

Minnie had just torn herself from the fascinations of the magic lantern, and busily set herself to work writing out the invitations to the party, when a tall gentleman, with a big brown beard, looked in at the nursery door.

"Oh! Uncle Charlie, come and look here," she cried. "I've bought my magic lantern. Isn't it a beauty? There's a lamp, and a box of slides, and everything."

A big, good tempered looking gentleman was Uncle Charlie, with a way of stroking his beard and looking at you with twinkling eyes, while he said such queer things that you could not always tell whether he was in earnest or not. He was the nearest approach to a hero that Minnie had ever seen; their acquaintances were such commonplace people, she used to say. There was little Mr. Sprigs, the lawyer, who was always rubbing his hands, and "he—he—heing," and Mr. Jennings and Mr. Brown, with their continual talk of main drainage and board meetings, and Mr. MacHenry, who was—oh, so dreadfully bald, and was always breathing so hard and wiping his forehead with his pocket handkerchief. Not one of them was even a little tiny bit like a hero. But Uncle Charlie—well, he had been abroad, and had lived among the savages, and had once shot a bear, and—and he was so big and strong. Yes; he was the nearest to a hero that she had ever seen.

"Well, Sunbeam, so you've got your magic lantern at last, eh? You've caught your hare, and now you've got to cook it. Do you know how to put it together, Sunbeam?"

Uncle Charlie always called her Sunbeam; perhaps because she was so fair, and her hair such a light yellow color; or it may be because, when she chose, she could be the sweetest and brightest little thing out of Fairyland.

"Oh, I'll soon put it together," said Minnie, with a shake of her flaxen curls. For it was one of her failings that she had the fullest confidence that she was able to do anything and everything if she only tried, and she was always impatient when any one doubted her ability

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

THE BERING SEA CASE.

A Synopsis of Claims of the Two Governments—What England and the United States Will Stand On.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—The case of the schooner Sayward, brought at the suggestion of the government of Great Britain to test the question of the jurisdiction of the United States over the seal fisheries in Bering sea, which has been in dispute between the two governments during several administrations, has been postponed by the supreme court of the United States until October 19 next, when argument will begin. The case is before the court in the form of a petition on behalf of the owner of the Sayward for a writ of prohibition to prevent the United States district court for Alaska proceeding with the condemnation and sale of the vessel under a decree of forfeiture by the court for violation of the laws of the United States prohibiting the taking of fur seal within the waters of Bering sea.

It is sought by the British government to secure in this manner an opinion from the highest judicial tribunal of the United States to exercise jurisdiction over the sea more than three miles from land. There is a contention on the part of the United States that some of the seals may have been taken by the Sayward within the three mile limit, but not much importance is attached to this claim, so that if the court decided the case on its merits, aside from legal technicalities, it would constitute, so far as this country is concerned, a judicial determination on the long-pending diplomatic controversy.

The case was to have come up for argument to-day and both sides had their briefs prepared for submission to the court, but the court decided not to hear counsel at this term, owing to the illness of Justice Bradley, and its desire not to try such an important matter without a full bench. The briefs, however, have been made public, and the Associated Press is able to give a summary of the argument which counsel for the United States and for Great Britain will make in advance. The briefs are voluminous documents of nearly 200 pages each, and there are, in addition, copious appendices. Attorney General Miller and Solicitor General Taft represent the government for the United States, and Mr. Joseph H. Choate, of New York city, and Mr. Calderon Carlisle, of Washington, for the petitioner.

The Argument.

The argument for counsel on each side may be divided into two parts, viz: First, a strictly legal argument involving the right to bring the case before the court in the rather unusual form of a writ of prohibition; and, second, what may be termed a politico-legal argument, involving the relations between the legislative, executive and judicial departments of the government, and the binding force upon the judiciary of a decision by the executive as to the jurisdiction appertaining to the United States.

The former branch of the case is first taken up by the brief of the United States and counsel maintaining that a writ of prohibition will not under the law issue unless the want of jurisdiction is shown on the face of the proceedings by which forfeiture was decreed. The act creating the judicial district of Alaska is examined to show that under it the district court had jurisdiction to try the offense committed; and it is held that the words "waters of Alaska" in the act and in the libel established conclusively the fact that one of the offenses charged in the libel was committed in the Alaska court had jurisdiction.

Jurisdiction.

As the libel alleged jurisdiction properly and the court found it, it is maintained that even if the United States has not control over the waters more than three miles from shore, the conclusion must necessarily be drawn that the court found, according to what was the jurisdiction of the United States, whatever the jurisdiction may be. Numerous authorities are then cited in support of a denial of the claim set up by counsel on the other side that the evidence at the trial constituted a part of the "face of the proceeding," and that the Supreme court in passing upon the question has to go behind and beyond the face of the returns and determine whether or not the court actually and rightly had jurisdiction to try the offense.

Opinions by Lord Mansfield, Justice Butler, Justice Story and other eminent jurists are cited, in which writs of prohibition were refused because the matter of fact upon which the petition for which a writ was based did not appear on the face of the proceedings, and because the petition was not filed until after judgment had been rendered. The superior court, it is held, is limited in its action, by the same token, which prevents remedial action by the lower court, the judge of the Alaska court being powerless to annul the decree four years after the forfeiture was declared.

The point is next made that, though the Alaska court is subject to prohibition, it is not, when sitting in admiralty, an inferior court in the technical sense, but a superior court whose decrees are entitled to every intendent or presumption favorable to its jurisdiction and the history of English jurisprudence is gone into to show that courts are superior though amenable to prohibition. It was held by counsel for Great Britain that no right of appeal lay from the Alaska court to the Supreme court in Admiralty cases, and that therefore the latter court should exercise extreme caution before decreeing a prohibition after sentence than if the party had other remedy. This matter turned upon the meaning of the words "in other cases" as used in the Alaska court; and it is maintained that it is much too narrow a view to hold that by these words the Supreme court is excluded from power of review over the Alaska court, and that it was really intended by these words to give the Supreme court the same power of review that it had over all other lower courts.

Counsel for the United States then contend that these things being so, the Alaska court having jurisdiction over the offense alleged and jurisdiction over the claimant by reason of his voluntary appearance in court, it follows with the fullest force of the word the seal killing was committed within the jurisdiction of the United States is conclusive and cannot be impeached.

A great number of authorities in the state and federal courts are cited as establishing the doctrine that the finding of the Alaska court on the matter of fact jurisdiction was conclusive, and that the petition for prohibition must therefore be dismissed, the Supreme court having, it is asserted, no power in a collateral proceeding to re-try and review the evidence. As to the seizure of the vessel on the high seas, it is contended that any objections based on illegal seizure were waived; and furthermore that even if the seizure were illegal, a municipal law having been violated, the court, when it found the vessel in its jurisdiction, had nothing to do with how he came there, but solely with his trial for violation of law. Counsel do not admit that the seizure on the high seas was unlawful, and cite from decisions of the English court decisions establishing conclusively the right of the United States to seize vessels on the high seas for offenses which were committed within places over which this government had jurisdiction. This brings the argument down to the political aspect of the case and it is then contended with great force, supported by citations from numerous decisions, that the territorial jurisdiction of the United States is a political question, from the consideration of which the court is stopped by the action of the executive and of congress in deciding that the United States has jurisdiction over the waters where the Sayward was seized.

The decision of Justice Storey in the Suffolk insurance case, counsel say, defeats the claim of the petitioner that the executive has no power in himself without any legislation, to decide a question of sovereignty.

The extent of such power, however, is made obvious by the act under which the seizures were ordered, which directs the President to seize all vessels taking seal in the waters of the Bering sea.

"Now," it is asked, "is the President to execute this command of congress if he does not determine for himself what waters of Bering sea are within the dominion of the United States? Could congress have made plainer its wish that he should decide?" Counsel say numerous seizures attest the fact that the executive has decided that the United States has jurisdiction over Bering sea, and the voluminous public correspondence between Great Britain and the United States is quoted from as establishing this beyond all doubt.

"We confine ourselves to the fact of a binding decision by the executive and congress, because in so doing we confidently feel that we are treading the course to which this court, in its adjudication upon the merits of this case, will find itself limited," is the closing paragraph.

The British Position.

Messrs. Choate and Carlisle, in opening their case, lay down the position of the British government broadly as follows:

That in so far as the seizure and condemnation by a British court for an offense committed many miles from land are wholly unwarranted by the laws of nations, is conceded, and is admitted, while with equal confidence it is submitted that no law or treaty of the United States warrants such seizure or condemnation, and that the District Court of the United States for the district of Alaska never had jurisdiction of the vessel or of the alleged offense; that its proceedings and decree are without jurisdiction, and by this court should be declared so; that this court from enforcing said decree or doing any act under color of the usurped jurisdiction.

Counsel then maintain that the power of the court to grant a writ of prohibition can not be questioned, and that its propriety is evident from the nature of admiralty proceedings, the highest tribunal being eminently the court to decide questions involving usurpation of jurisdiction over vessels of foreign nations. The claim of the United States that seals might have been killed within three miles of land is declared to be "mere riotous imagination," the lines now here disclosing that the Sayward was no nearer than ten miles from shore.

The argument that the Supreme court is bound not to go behind the record of the Alaska court is attacked, it being maintained that if the Alaska court in its return submits anything it is bound to submit the whole, and the court can not be prevented from thoroughly examining the correctness of the decision of the Alaska judge.

This brings the case up to the rights of the United States over Bering sea.

The merits of the application, it is contended, require a judicial construction of the seal fisheries act of 1889 to determine what is meant by the term "waters of Bering sea," and next a review of the Russian treaty of cession. A condition of the treaty makes it clear, it is asserted, that the treaty does not purport expressly to convey any "dominion in the waters of Bering sea," and that if any dominion over the waters passed it must have been as an incident or appurtenant to the transfer of the land under the law of nations, an established rule of which limits territorial waters to three miles from shore. Counsel say it is not necessary for them to take the ground that it is the duty of the courts to release the seized vessels, notwithstanding an explicit declaration directing seizure on the high seas.

"Our proposition is that foreign vessels on the high seas are subject only to the jurisdiction of the flag they fly." Numerous English and American assertions of this proposition are given.

The power and duty of the court to decide the question regardless of any action of the Executive is maintained. The political departments are "Congress and the Executive." It is admitted that the two by their co-joint action might have determined the extent of the dominion of the United States over Bering sea, but it is insisted that they have not chosen to do so, nor to make any provision by which the Executive is to determine the question, and that under the constitution it therefore devolves upon the court. It is difficult to understand how a question which was judicial before the District court of Alaska, becomes a political question when submitted to the Supreme court of the United States.

Some surprise is intimated at the claim of the government that the executive alone could bind the courts. The right of the executive to deal with persons and property can never, it is maintained, be a political question, and any so-called legislative construction of an act of congress must always be subject to judicial determination.

International Rights.

Next follows an elaborate argument as to international rights in Bering sea and the claims of Russia, the United States and England. This part of the argument is substantially identical with the position taken by Lord Salisbury in his correspondence with the State department, and forms counsel say a "judicial statement of the right of the United States to seize the Sayward and its assertion that the Supreme court must grant the writ. They say:

"We deny that the judicial power of the United States extends to the trial and condemnation of a British vessel, wrongfully seized in time of peace on the high seas, 59 miles from land. We deny that the forcible bringing into the limits of a district of the United States of such vessel, so unlawfully seized, can enlarge or extend the judicial power of the United States and that the lawless act of the revenue officers, which was contrary to the law of nations, can give the Alaska court the power to condemn the vessel, or that the petitioner could waive his rights under international law to pursue his calling in the high seas. The judicial power of the United States as an independent nation is limited by the law of nations, just as the federal judicial power is limited by the constitution of the United States."

EXPLOSION AT ROME.

A Great Quantity of Powder Lets Go, Doing Much Damage.

ROME, April 23.—At about 7 o'clock this morning, a tremendous explosion shook this city to its foundations, spreading terror and dismay on all sides. The people rushed from their homes into the streets, houses rocked, pictures fell from the walls, thousands of panes of glass were broken, everywhere crockery was shattered, furniture was overturned, chimneys crashed down upon the roofs, and in some instances toppled over into the streets below. The cupola of the houses of parliament, immediately after the explosion, shook violently and then collapsed with a crash which added still further to the feeling of horror which had spread through Rome.

All the thoroughfares were strewn with bricks, stones, splinters and other debris buried there by the force of the powerful concussion which had caused Rome to totter on its foundations. People of all stages and conditions were rushing, pale with fright, into the streets, trying to seek consolation from others who were as thoroughly terrified as themselves. In the houses, doors, windows and cupboards were burst open. Rents and cracks appeared in the walls, the plaster fell from the ceilings and general desolation prevailed. In many instances people were thrown from their beds by the shock which caused much alarm, and cries of terror filled the air as thousands of families rushed out into the streets.

Finally, when something like order had been restored, the real cause of the explosion became known. It was discovered that the immense powder magazine at Pozze Pantaleo, four kilometres from here, had exploded, and that it had caused enormous damage to the neighboring fort, which was filled with soldiers.

As it was, several peasants, who were in the vicinity of the scene of the explosion, were killed outright, and a number of others were more or less injured. As this dispatch is sent, King Humbert and his military staff, accompanied by the Italian premier, the Marquis di Rudini, and by all the members of the Italian cabinet, have left this city for the scene of the disaster.

Around the ruins of the powder magazine, and of the fort, a cordon of troops has been drawn, in order to keep back the crowds of people who, now that the cause of the explosion is known, have flocked to Pozze Pantaleo, eager to see the powder-blackened ruins. The troops, however, have instructions not to allow any civilians to pass through the cordon, so that the official investigation now being made into the origin of the explosion has been completed.

LATER.—Further facts are gradually coming to light in regard to the shock which spread so much terror throughout Rome and its neighborhood, this morning. All the houses within a radius of a kilometre of the scene of the explosion, are seriously damaged.

Two officers were dangerously wounded, and 18 civilians have been taken to the different hospitals, suffering from wounds or bruises caused by the explosion.

The shock which caused Rome to tremble did not spare the vatican. That venerated pile shook with the rest of the Roman buildings when the force of the explosion was felt, and several of the famous historical stained glass windows of the old buildings were shattered.

At St. Paul's church all the stained glass windows were damaged. In fact the damage done at this church was so great that the building has been closed to the public, while the debris is being cleared away and the work of temporary repair inaugurated, much of the destruction by the explosion is irreparable, as the valuable works of art which have been destroyed cannot be replaced. Many of the stained glass windows which have been shattered are the works of celebrated artists who flourished hundreds of years ago, and though in some cases the windows can be replaced, in many other cases their historical and artistic value is destroyed forever.

Many most valuable relics in the monastary of St. Paul have also succumbed to the force of the explosion.

The magazine contained 210 tons of powder. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

THE PRESIDENT'S SISTER INJURED.

Mrs. Bettie Eaton Thrown From Her Carriage.

CINCINNATI, April 28.—Mrs. Bettie Eaton, sister of President Harrison, was injured Sunday afternoon at Cleves, Ind. Mrs. Eaton and her niece, Miss Moore, went to Cleves to church in a carriage, driving the family horse. While in Cleves the horse shied at something and started to run away. The breeching of the harness broke and the horse plunged down a bank, throwing both women out of the carriage.

Mrs. Bettie Eaton was thrown to the hard ground violently, her head striking first. Miss Moore had her shoulder dislocated and suffered other injuries. She was able to be removed to the Eaton homestead at North Bend, and it is hoped that her injuries are not fatal.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 28.—When the first news of the accident came to the President, Postmaster general Wanamaker stated that it looked as if the entire party would start directly for the East. When the news came that Mrs. Eaton was not so seriously injured as at first thought, the President was greatly relieved, and stated that until definite news was received no change would be made in his plans.

Michael Davitt is Coming.

LONDON, April 27.—Mr. Michael Davitt will quit the editorial chair of the *Labor World* and go to Oakland, Cal., where his wife has relations, for the benefit of his health and for a long rest. Mr. Massingham, who succeeded T. P. O'Connor as editor of the *Star*, and thus fell foul of the proprietors of that journal, will take Mr. Davitt's place.

FREE for 20 DAYS from date of this paper. Wishing to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this special offer. Send us a picture of yourself or any member of your family. Living or dead, and we will make you a LIFE SIZE CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any Bank in Chicago. Address all mail to PACIFIC PORTRAIT HOUSE, 108 & 110 Randolph St., CHICAGO, ILL.

COUNT VON MOLTKE DEAD.

Hale and Hearty Up to Within a Few Hours of His Demise—Death Closes an Eventful Career.

BERLIN, April 25.—Field Marshal Count von Moltke died in the study of his official residence, on the Konigsplatz, yesterday. He appeared to be in his usual health early yesterday evening. He lunched as usual, and his appetite was good. All the officers of the general staff were informed of his death and they all assembled at the dead soldier's house before daylight.

Count von Moltke walked home yesterday evening from the reichstag. He ate a hearty supper, and afterwards drank

some tea and rose from his seat, with the intention of retiring. Suddenly he staggered, and would have fallen had it not been for the fact that a servant sprang to his assistance.

The count was then carried to his bedroom, and was placed upon the bed, upon which he died in a few minutes, at 9:45 o'clock p. m.

All the German princes and noted personages of the empire sent messages of condolence to the residence of Count von Moltke. The will of the count states that he desires that his burial should take place at Croisau, where his wife and child are buried.

Still further details in regard to the count's death show that after enjoying his supper he sat down and listened to some musical selections, which were played upon a piano. He then took a hand in a game of whist, but during the course of the game complained of feeling unwell, and placing his hand of cards on the table, he left the room. Those of his relations who were present were not at first in any degree alarmed at the count's indisposition, but when they noticed that he did not return to the room in which they had been passing the evening, some of them went in search of him, and found him in a very weak state.

The count was immediately put to bed, but in spite of the efforts made to relieve him of what was considered, for some time, to be nothing more than a severe indisposition, he expired.

In the lower house of the Prussian Diet to-day the president of that body, in communicating Count von Moltke's death to the representatives, said that the high value of the deceased's services to the Fatherland would cause universal sorrow and mourning to be felt throughout Germany at the loss that the empire had sustained. "This," added the president, "convinces me that the House does not desire to proceed with to-day's business. Therefore, I propose that we adjourn until Monday as a mark of respect to the dead."

The president's proposition was unanimously adopted, and the house adjourned.

In the upper house, a laurel wreath entwined with black and white satin ribbons hung over Count von Moltke's seat.

The president read a letter from Maj. Moltke announcing Count von Moltke's death, and then he delivered an address extolling the merits and services of the dead soldier as a member of the upper house, which he attended yesterday.

Finally the upper house adjourned until Monday.

Funeral Arrangements.

Late last night the emperor telegraphed his sympathetic condolence to Count von Moltke's family, saying that the field marshal's death was a greater loss to Germany than the loss of an army corps would have been. The emperor has summoned all the princes and the crowned heads of the different German states to attend the funeral, which will take place on Thursday next, and which will be attended by imposing military ceremonies. The body will be escorted in state from the Von Moltke residence to the railroad station, whence it will be taken to Creisau, for interment. The ceremonies at Creisau will be quiet and without display, in accordance with the late Count's will.

A handsome oak coffin was taken to the official residence of the dead field marshal this afternoon. The remains will lie in state in the apartment in which the count died until Thursday morning. The coffin will be surrounded with battledags and will be in charge of a guard of honor until it is finally placed in the family vault at Creisau.

[Count Hellmuth Karl Bernhard von Moltke, chief field marshal of the German Empire, and chief of the general staff, was the descendant of a well-known Mecklenburg family. He was born at Parchim, October 26, 1800, in the neighborhood of which place his father, a major officer of the Mecklenburg regiment, possessed the estate of Gnewitz. Soon after Hellmuth's birth, his parents settled down in Holstein, and the boy in his thirteenth year went to Copenhagen in order to prepare himself in the barracks there, to the military profession. In 1822 he entered the Prussian service as a lieutenant in the Eighth infantry regiment, and studied in the military academy. After completing his studies he joined the staff of the Fourth army corps in Mudgeburg. In 1858 he was advanced to the rank of chief of the grand general staff of the Prussian army, and in 1859 became lieutenant-general. In the Austro-Italian war Moltke was present in the Austrian headquarters. After the conclusion of peace, he spared no pains that he might fully develop the capacities of the Prussian general staff and the Prussian army. When the war of 1864 against Denmark broke out, Moltke sketched the plan of the campaign, and assisted in its execution, acting similarly in the case of the war of 1866. The whole plan of the Bohemian campaign was due to the lieutenant-general, who was personally present at the battle of Koniggratz, which he led, and in like manner arranged the bold advance of the Prussian columns against Olmutz and Vienna, and negotiated the armistice and the preliminaries of peace. For these services he received the order of the Black Eagle and a national devotion. To "Father Moltke" (Vater Moltke), as he is familiarly called in the German army, much bold strategy are ascribed the splendid victories of the German armies in the Franco-German war. He was practically the commander-in-chief. The whole plan of the campaign was due to him. In recognition of his unrivaled services Moltke was made the chief marshal of the German empire (September, 1871) and was created count in 1872. He received from the czar the order of St. George, the highest military decoration of Russia, in October, 1870, and from his own sovereign the grand cross of the order of the Iron Cross, March 22, 1871.]

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS IS DEAD.

He Was the Czar's Uncle, and Field Marshal in the Russian Army.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 28.—The death of the Grand Duke Nicholas, an uncle of the czar, occurred Saturday. The grand duke was a field marshal in the Russian army and inspector general of cavalry and the corps of engineers. At the close of the Russian military maneuvers in Volhynia in October of last year, it was learned that the grand duke, who had the chief command of the army, had suddenly became insane from the effects of long illness and had been removed incognito to Gen. Martgroff's estate in the Don Steppes. The physicians declared that his case was hopeless, and in the following November he was transferred to his residence in this city. The grand duke was born in 1831, and was married in 1856 to Princess Alexandria of Oldenburg.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Of Republican Clubs—The Annual Session at Cincinnati.

The annual meeting of the National League of the Republican clubs was held at Cincinnati on April 21 and 22. The first day was devoted to organization and speach-making. Ex-Governor Foraker made an address, in which he said:

The Republicans of Ohio cherish with grateful recollection and appreciation the name and memory of Abraham Lincoln [applause]. They have a just pride in the stalwart loyalty and patriotism of Ulysses S. Grant [applause] and an enthusiastic admiration and devotion for the greatest living American, James G. Blaine [prolonged cheering]. You seem to be affected the same way [cheering] and well you may be, for Mr. Blaine has given us a magnificent administration [applause].

Continuing, he said the Republicans of Ohio not only believed in great men, but in the great principles established by the party, from the thirteenth constitutional amendment down to the rulings of glorious Tom Reed. [Applause]. They believe in a free ballot and a fair count, [applause] and they despise with indignation the infidelity and cowardice whereby the most sacred of all the pledges of 1888 stand yet unfulfilled. [Applause]. While they welcome all who come to these shores in good faith to become American citizens and obey and become a part of the laws and institutions of this country, they want the doors shut against the Mafia of every other land. [Applause.] We are soon to have our state convention. I am not anticipating anything, for it is practically done already, when I say on that occasion we shall take for our platform the much-talked-about McKinley bill, [applause] and for our leader the brilliant, gallant author of that great measure. [Cheers and calls for McKinley.]

Such are the Republicans of Ohio, and being such, they know how to appreciate you; your convention is their convention; your coming is but the coming of your own. [Applause.]

Then President Thurston spoke, and when his address ended there was provision made for the appointment of committees, and a motion was adopted to meet in the morning.

During the confusion that preceded adjournment, an Indiana delegate, Mr. Cole, of Shelbyville, created a sensation by declaring that he would call a meeting to denounce the treatment of President Harrison. He was immediately surrounded by other delegates and quickly quieted.

His complaint arose by the allusion of Foraker to Blaine as having "given us a magnificent administration."

The manner in which the applause followed that declaration showed that there was a feeling as if there was an intentional ignoring of President Harrison. The Indiana delegate was quieted for the time and the convention adjourned.

Mr. Cole subsequently called a meeting of the Indiana delegation, and proposed that some formal notice of the matter be taken.

After consideration it was decided to refer the matter to the committee on resolutions, inasmuch as it was thought likely that Mr. Foraker did not intend to convey the meaning that Mr. Blaine was the ruling spirit of the administration, but that he meant to compliment the administration of his own office of secretary of State.

THE SCENES IN MUSIC HALL.

Every Inch of Space in the Vast Hall Filled with Enthusiastic People.

CINCINNATI, April 22.—Music Hall was packed from floor to vault, including the stage, early last evening on the occasion of the business meeting of the National Republican league. Before 8 o'clock every seat was filled and after that hour, when admission tickets were no longer required, all the standing room was speedily occupied.

It was 8:20 when President Thurston and the other speakers entered the main aisle.

Gen. Thurston immediately took the stand as chairman of the meeting and without a speech introduced Mr. Charles H. Bartlett, of New Hampshire, as the first speaker. He said on questions relating to the organism of the government and the mechanism necessary to perform its functions there should not be any difference of opinion between political parties. The Republican party was pledged to a fundamental policy in this government—that is a free, honest ballot and a fair count. It was not enough for the Republican party to have an honest ballot in some places and not in others. It must have it everywhere.

The government was under solemn obligations to take efficient measures to secure to the citizens the full and free enjoyment of the rights it confers. "To this it was pledged not only in honor but in its organic law. Let us take care of home rights and if anybody wants to know how we stand abroad let him ask little Ben Harrison in the White House. [Here the crowd took the speaker's breath with cheers that lasted a minute and was followed by three cheers for Harrison.]

The speaker then said if Harrison should happen to be absent, let him ask the secretary of State. [Here the cheering broke out wildly again, continued for some time and wound up in three cheers for Blaine.] The speaker said: We are all shouting protection, but around the ballot box is where protection should begin with protection of American citizenship.

Gen. Thurston said: "I have the honor to present to you the next governor of Ohio, and one of the future presidents of the United States, Hon. William McKinley, jr."

This was cheered loud and long and was followed by three cheers for McKinley, in each of the prospective characters in which he was introduced.

Major McKinley's Speech.

Major McKinley set out with preliminaries of the necessity of two political parties in a republican form of government. He said the great parties of today could trace their heredity to the great parties dominant at the very foundation of this government. The national idea and the states' rights idea began to divide men as early as 1787. He said the Republican party grew out of the Whig party, which was an immediate descendant from the Federalist party. It was the party of Clay, Webster, Hamilton, Wade, Lincoln and Garfield, and the Democratic was the party of Calhoun and Tilden. One great glory of the Republican party was that it could look into the past without blushing, and it could look into the future without fear. The speaker then sketched the history of the Democratic party in the Kansas and Nebraska legislation, and the proposition of the United States to consider the bill to buy Cuba to extend slavery, for which it voted down a proposition to consider the homestead law.

He said further the Democratic party opposed the greenback when it was necessary as a war measure; it was for peace at any price when we were at war for the life of the nation; opposed the resumption of specie payment; it opposed the emancipation proclamation. It has been the party of opposition. It has opposed every measure of advancement of the nation. It opposed protection (immense cheering). He read an interview with Congressman Wm. H. H. Lee, of Richmond, Va., which appeared in the New York *Times*. The substance of the interview was:

First—Subordinate everything to the party.

Second—We must not consider anything in which the party is divided till after 1892.

Third—The Congress should prevent pernicious legislation, but attempt nothing more in the 52d Congress.

They carried the country in 1890 by an immense majority and, according to this interview, they are afraid to interpret the policy on which they won their victory. They denounced the tariff, and they did not know what the tariff was. He had heard of an instance since he had arrived in Cincinnati. A Cincinnati merchant, when the tariff bill passed, went to a wholesale dealer and bought all the sewing needles he could find because, as he said, this rascally tariff was going to put the price of needles up, whereas the new tariff bill had admitted needles free.

To the charges against the Fifty-first congress that it was expensive, he said yes, it used a great deal of money, but it paid its debts and a large arrearage of indebtedness left over by the Fiftieth congress. But it kept all its pledges save one—the election bill—and it was no fault of the Congress that it did not pass that bill.

We kept faith with the creditor that bought our bonds in our time of sore need, and now we mean to keep faith with that other creditor whose services are above price, the soldiers who offered their lives in defence of the country. We stamped the life out of repudiation. The speaker here made a comparison of the state of finances in the administrations of Cleveland and Harrison. As to the circulation of currency, he said if more was needed it would be forthcoming, but whether it be gold or silver, or paper, it must be worth just what its face says its value is. To the charge that the mission of the party had ended, he said no, it would not end till the American ballot was as sacred as the American home.

Gen. Thurston, after brief speeches by Messrs. Langston and Lester, declared the meeting adjourned on account of the late hour, which was a quarter before eleven, though he said there were 365 other equally good speakers present.

GOV. FORAKER EXPLAINS.

He Meant No Insult to President Harrison.

CINCINNATI, April 22.—The *Enquirer* to-day has the following:

Ex-Governor Foraker was seen at his office by an *Enquirer* reporter yesterday just after the adjournment of the convention at Music hall.

He had an engagement to go to Columbus on the first train, and on that account had hurried away from the convention as soon as he could excuse himself. He was busy arranging his legal papers when the reporter explained:

"Governor, there is considerable comment over your reference to Blaine and ignoring of President Harrison."

"In what way?"

"In referring to the administration as Mr. Blaine's."

"Oh," laughed the governor, "I meant Mr. Blaine's administration of his office, which has certainly been magnificent, as I said. I was speaking extemporaneously, and didn't think of him, or possibly I might have said something. The other speakers seem to have forgotten him, too. Did any of them mention him?"

None, except Mayor Mosby. But some say your words were intended as a studied insult, and the Indiana delegation is now holding a meeting to take some action."

"They are?" queried the governor, with some show of interest, "and what have they done so far?"

"Nothing, as yet."

"Well, some people are very touchy about it. I suppose it may be from an inner consciousness that there is room for— But excuse me; I must make my train."

Subsequently Governor Foraker inserted in his speech, which was furnished the Associated Press for distribution throughout the country, the words, "of his high office," somewhere, which cancel the sentence as it would read: "For Mr. Blaine has given us a magnificent administration [of his high office]."

CHEERS FOR PRESI. HARRISON.

His Letter Created the Wildest Enthusiasm.

CINCINNATI, April 22.—The league convention was late in convening, and many delegates were not in the hall when President Thurston called for order. An excitement followed when a big box of American tin plate, forwarded by Congressman Neidringhaus, of St. Louis, was placed on the stage, and a lively scramble for possession of the brilliant souvenirs followed. To the question of a delegate why these were sent, Secretary Humphrey said that Congressman Neidringhaus had made a prediction that within two years American tin upon American iron would sell for 20 per cent less than the present rate.

A Maryland delegate added that one of the largest canning establishments in the United States at Bellaire, Md., was buying tin now cheaper than it did one year ago.

Letters were received from Senators Sherman, Evarts, Manderson, President Harrison, Secretary Foster and others.

THE LEAGUE'S CLOSING DAY.

A Ringing Platform of Principles—Officers for Next Year.

CINCINNATI, April 23.—The Republican League closed its 1891 session yesterday, and a more harmonious or enthusiastic convention has never been held. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

President, JOHN S. CLARKSON.
Secretary, Mr. HUMPHREY.
Treasurer, PHINEAS LOUNSBERY.

The committee on resolutions, through Judge John L. Webster, of Nebraska, presented a report.

The resolutions honored the memory of Gen. Sherman, Admiral Porter and Secretary Windom; indorsed the action of Speaker Reed in compelling the mem-

PRESIDENT J. S. CLARKSON.

bers of the House of Representatives to transact public business; favoring protection and reciprocity; remembering the claims of soldiers and declaring the aim of the league to be the dissemination of the principles and doctrines of the Republican party as fashioned by the teachings of its greatest leaders.

The following clauses are in full.

We indorse the wise, statesmanlike, courageous and patriotic course of the administration of President Harrison, its conduct of both domestic and foreign affairs has been such as to command the thorough respect and hearty admiration of every true citizen. Its attitude in dealing with alien residents and giving to them the protection accorded to American citizens abroad is just, and should commend itself to the civilized world.

We oppose any attempt to debase the currency and coin of the country, but insist upon such legitimate increase of our circulation medium and such adjustment of the double standard as will fairly satisfy the increasing necessities of trade and commerce.

Loyal and intelligent Republicans will not seek to destroy vested interests, nor to cripple any legitimate enterprise, but they demand that the best thought of the Republican party shall be concentrated on the formulation of such legislation as will protect the people from any exactions of the usurer, from oppression of monopolies or from extortionate demands of public carriers.

Recent events have made more apparent than ever the necessity for exercising the sovereign right inherent in our nation to say all others, to use discretion in the admission of foreigners as residents in this country. We, therefore, recommend such changes in our laws as will effectually prohibit the immigration of paupers and criminals and of people so alien from us in their ideas and habits of thought that they can not be assimilated in the body politic.

We reaffirm our belief in, and devotion to, the supreme and sacred right of every lawful citizen, rich or poor, native or foreign born, white or black, to cast one free ballot in public elections, and to have that ballot duly counted and certified as cast, and denial of such right should result in decrease of representation in Congress and the electoral college.

We recognize the Republican press of the country as the great and indispensable force in the advocacy and promotion of Republican principles, and commend to every believer in Republicanism the duty of lending his influence and efforts to the extension of the benefits of this potent agency.

The first breeze was felt when a Wisconsin delegate, whose accent as well as his words told that he was of foreign birth, begged on behalf of the many Republicans in the Northwestern states that the proposed language restricting immigration be expunged. He said the meaning of the words may be all right, but they would be distorted by the enemy with telling effect on the foreign-born Republican vote of the Northwest. They had had experience and wanted no more.

Gen. Fairchild, of Wisconsin, who was cheered when he arose, said the delegates were all agreed on the point in question. It was right to look after immigration, but he begged the convention to listen to the warning of these earnest men in the Northwest. They knew what they were talking about.

T. C. Campbell, of New York, made the point that it was better to be right and lose than to win by being wrong.

The debate grew hot. The Mafia was denounced. One delegate asked where the line could be drawn to define who was not fit to assimilate with the body politic. Another retorted that in New Orleans the line was drawn on the lamp posts.

Finally Judge Webster moved to strike out all after the word "criminals," and this was done and the resolution adopted.

The reading of the Harrison endorsement created the most enthusiastic scene of the convention. The delegates arose and, with waving handkerchiefs, hats and canes, kept up a demonstration for several minutes.

Gen. Drake, of Iowa, presented the report of the committee on league work, recommending the appointment of state and deputy organizers, and that the league method be set to work in every school district of the doubtful states. It was also suggested that a committee of five be appointed to report at the next convention on the propriety of incorporating the league. This provoked opposition, as the western men thought it meant the establishment of permanent headquarters in New York, but it was finally carried.

The committee on location of the next convention reported in favor of Indianapolis, but the convention made a report to suit itself by voting that the executive committee shall name the place and the time, but shall make the time not less than three weeks after the national Republican convention. Then at nearly 4 o'clock the convention adjourned *sine die*.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

FIGURES FROM PORTER'S OFFICE.

The Distribution of Population According to Density.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 23.—Superintendent Porter, of the census bureau, to-day made public a bulletin upon the subject of the distribution of population according to density. The bulletin presents certain facts relating to the density of the rural as distinguished from the urban population of the country, and makes comparisons with similar facts from other censuses. A map of the United States accompanies the bulletin and upon it are shown, by different colored inks, the sections included within the six groups namely, below two inhabitants to the square mile, between two and six to the square mile, between six and eighteen, between eighteen and forty-five, between forty-five and ninety, and above ninety. Where the population is below two to the square mile the section is treated as unsettled.

The table shows that in 1800 the population was nearly seven times as great as in 1790; while during the century the unsettled area was increased only about eight fold. In general the increase of population has gone on at a much more rapid rapid rate than that of settled areas.

The most striking fact which appears, says Mr. Porter, is the numerous additions which have been made to the settled area within the Cordilleran region. Settlements have spread westward up the slope of the plains until they have joined the bodies formerly isolated in Colorado, forming a continuous body of settlement from the east to the Rocky mountains. Practically the whole of Kansas has become a settled region, and the unsettled region of Nebraska has been reduced in dimensions to a third to what it was ten years ago What was a sparsely settled region in Texas in 1880, is now its most populous part of the state, while settlements have spread westward to the Escarpment of the staked plains. The settled region of the Dakotas have been reduced to half their former dimensions. Settlements in Montana have spread until they now occupy one-third of the state. In New Mexico, Idaho and Wyoming considerable extensions of area are to be noted. In Colorado, in spite of the decline of the mining fever and the depopulation of its mining regions, settlement has spread over two-thirds of the state is now under the dominion of man. Oregon and Washington show equally rapid progress, and California, although its mining regions have suffered, has made great inroads into its unsettled regions, especially in the South. Of all the Western states and territories, Nevada alone is at a standstill in this respect, its settled area remaining practically the same as in 1880. When it is remembered that this state has lost one-third of its population during the past ten years, the fact that it has held its own in settled area is surprising, until it is understood that the state has undergone a material change since in occupations during the decade, and that the inhabitants, instead of being closely grouped together and engaged in mining pursuits, have become scattered along its streams and have engaged in agricultural pursuits.

In the East it is seen that settlement is spreading with some rapidity in Maine, its unsettled area having dwindled from 12,000 down to about 4,000 square miles. The unsettled portion of the Adirondack region in New York has also diminished, there being now but 1,000 square miles remaining unsettled. The frontier has been pushed still further southward in Florida and the unsettled area has been reduced from 20,800 to 13,000 square miles. The lumbering and mining interests of Michigan have practically obliterated its wilderness and have reduced that of Wisconsin to one-half its former area. In Minnesota the area of its wild northern forests have been reduced from 34,000 to 23,000 square miles.

FIGURES FROM THE CENSUS BUREAU.

Per Cent of Gain in Population and Public School Enrollment.

WASHINGTON, April 21.—The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin showing the per cent of gain in population and the per cent of gain in public school enrollment in these states and territories:

States and Territories.	Percent gain in population.	Percent gain pub. school enrollment.
Arizona	47.43	85.35
Arkansas	40.58	106.10
California	30.72	25.30
Illinois	24.23	31.85
Iowa	25.78	15.86
Louisiana	19.01	33.52
Michigan	27.92	31.92
Minnesota	69.74	51.10
Mississippi	19.08	47.26
Montana	237.49	200.12
New Hampshire	9.51	7.51
New York	15.00	1.77
North Dakota	194.18	222.70
Ohio	14.83	5.99
Oregon	79.53	69.53
South Dakota	274.01	253.36
Texas	47.44	145.15
Utah	46.43	14.02
Washington	203.14	74.95

of conversation to-day on the condition of the government finances, Secretary Foster expressed himself as having no fear of the inability of the government to meet all its obligations as they might arise. There would be no trouble, he added, about the next quarterly payment of pensions in June, aggregating between $25,000,000 and $28,000,000.

The available money at the disposal of the Treasury department he placed at about $70,000,000. Included in this aggregate the secretary mentioned the subsidiary coin now in the treasury, the large amount of deposits held by national banks, the surplus of, approximately, $11,000,000 and also about $3,000,000 in bullion, and $4,000,000 in silver dollars in the treasury upon which no certificates had been issued. Nothing has yet been decided upon with respect to the method to be adopted to get into circulation the subsidiary silver coin now in the treasury vaults.

THE CENSUS ON STREET CARS.

The Economy of Cable and Electric Roads.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—Superintendent Porter, of the census bureau, has made public a bulletin upon the subject of relative economy of cable, electric and animal motive power for street railways. The bulletin covers statistics of 50 lines of street railway, 10 of which are operated by cable, 10 by electricity and 30 by animal power. The total cost of the ten cable roads, including equipment is $26,351,416. The total number of passengers carried was 101,995,696 at a total cost of $3,286,461. The operating expenses per car mile were therefore 14.12 cents, and the operating expenses per passenger carried 3.22 cents. The length of all tracks, including sidings, is given as nearly 143 miles. The total cost of the electric roads, including equipment, is given as $3,420,85, with a total track mileage of 67.22 miles. The total number of passengers carried was 8,021,214, at a cost of $326,961, or 13.21 cents per car mile, and 3.82 cents per passenger carried.

The total cost of the thirty animal power lines together with equipment is given as $22,788,277, with 572 miles of track. The operating expenses of these lines for the year were $6,986,019, carrying 190,434,783 passengers. The expenses per car mile was therefore 18.16 cents, and the cost per passenger carried 3.67 cents. The expense per car mile on cable roads varies from 9.39 cents to 21.91 cents; on electric roads from 8.34 cents to 23.04 cents; on animal roads 9.10 cents to 28.02 cents. Of the electric roads under consideration nine are operated by the trolley system and one by the storage battery system.

OF INTEREST TO CATTLE RAISERS.

An Important Order Issued by the Department of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—The United States department of Agriculture has issued the following circular:

Notice is hereby given that cattle which have been at least ninety days in the area of country hereinafter described may be moved from said area by rail into the states of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana for grazing purposes in accordance with the regulations made by said states for the admission of Southern cattle thereto.

Provided, first—That cattle from said area shall go into said states only for slaughter or grazing, and that they shall not be shipped from said states into any other state or territory of the United States before the first day of December, 1891.

Second—That such cattle shall not be allowed in pens, or in trails or ranges that are to be occupied or crossed by cattle going to the eastern markets before December 1, 1891, and that these two classes of cattle shall not be allowed to come in contact.

Third—That all cars which have carried cattle from said area shall, upon unloading, at once be cleaned and disinfected in the manner provided by the regulations of this department of February 7, 1891.

Fourth—That the state authorities of the states of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana agree to enforce these provisions.

All that area included within the following boundary lines, viz.: Commencing at the southeast corner of the territory of New Mexico; thence running northerly along the eastern boundary of New Mexico to the southwestern corner of the county of Cochran, state of Texas; thence easterly along the southern boundaries of the counties of Cochran, Hockley, Lubbock, Crosby, Dickens and King, to the one hundredth meridian; thence northerly along said one hundredth meridian to the Red river, where it crosses the eastern boundary of the county of Chilcress; thence following said Red river to the northwest corner of the county of Wichita; thence along the eastern boundaries of the counties of Wilbarger, Taylor, Throckmorton and Shackelford; thence along the southern boundary of Shackelford county; thence south along the eastern boundaries of Taylor, Runnels, Concho, Menard and Kimble counties; thence west along the south lines of Kimble, Sutton and Crockett counties; thence south along the east line of Pecos county to the Rio Grande river; thence along the Rio Grande river to the one hundredth meridian, and thence northerly along said meridian to the point of beginning.

J. H. RUSK, Secretary.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting Held in Washington on Sunday.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—The annual Washington meeting of the American Tract society was held last night. Ex-Justice William Strong, LL. D., president of the society, presided, and addresses were made by Justice David J. Brewer, of the supreme court, and the Rev. Wm. A. Rice, secretary of the society. The report showed that the receipts for the year from all sources were, in round numbers, $305,000.

The society has issued in the 66 years of its existence 7,583 distinct publications in this country and 4,593 in foreign countries. It publishes six periodicals. It issues many publications. During the past year it has employed 341 colporteurs who have labored in 34 of the states and territories and in Ontario. They have made 113,638 family visits and put into circulation about 85,000 volumes of Christian literature. They found 21,854 families who never attend church, 5,719 without the Bible, and 13,558 without religious reading matter. The tract society has just completed fifty years of this colporteur work. It is estimated that there are to-day in the United States at least 20,000,000 of people who are not reached by the existing organized denominational agencies. It is among these outside masses of population that the American Tract society is in the main laboring.

This society is an evangelical organization, receiving its support and encouragement from all evangelical churches. It is undenominational, but thoroughly Christian. In addition to this general work, it does a special work in the army and navy, among seamen and prisoners. Its appropriations for work in foreign fields have amounted, in its history, to more than $700,000.

COULD BUY US ALL A FARM.

Plenty of Hard Cash in Uncle Sam's Money Box.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—Mr. Edward O. Leech, director of the mint, has this much to say of the condition of the United States treasury:

"The amount of money in the United states treasury on the 1st of this month was over $751,000,000, of which $493,000,000 was 'trust money,' held for the redemption of gold, silver and currency certificates, and the balance of $258,000,000 belonged to the treasury. I hope as absolutely as any property which the government owns. How there can be any possibility of the government failing to meet its obligations, with this immense sum of absolutely free cash on hand, is difficult to conceive. I hold that the government of the United States has in its vault to-day, in good, hard money, over $258,000,000, available for any of the legitimate expenses of the government, and that it is ridiculous to talk about there being the slightest probability of any obligation of the government being dishonored."

Secretary Foster Wants no More Four and a Halfs.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—Secretary Foster has issued a circular discontinuing the redemption of 4½ per cent bonds, thus rescinding that of December last, which emanated from Secretary Windom. Mr. Foster's plan was determined upon after consultation with Jesse Seligman, Cornelius N. Bliss and other New York bankers and financiers. It has also met with the approval, both by letter and personal interviews, with business men the country over. The scheme defers the redemption of 4½ per cents to the date of maturity, or to September 1. Until they are called in, after proper notice and at the pleasure of the government, they are to draw 2 per cent interest from September.

Senator Reagan Has Resigned.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—Close upon the heels of the rumor came the positive announcement that John H. Reagan had resigned a United States Senatorship to accept the Chairmanship of the Texas Railroad Commission.

IMMIGRATION.

THE NEW IMMIGRATION LAW.

The First Passport Arrives—Italians Ordered Back.

NEW YORK, April 23.—One of the first fruits of the rigid enforcement of the new immigration law was presented to Col. Weber yesterday in the form of an Italian passport—the first one since the new law went into effect—which was brought over by an immigrant on the steamship Alesia. On the back of the passport was pasted a piece of paper, on which was printed in Italian what was apparently intended as a warning to Italian immigrants. A full list of the prohibited classes under the new law was given.

Here is a literal translation of the paper:

"For the United States of America. According to the law enforced in the American Union all convicts, paupers, idiots and beggars by profession, and all who come to the United States to work under a contract entered into beforehand, are barred from landing in the United States; and when an immigrant is landed in violation of the above law he is subject to expulsion from the republic within one year from his landing. The expenses of such immigrant's return are borne by the steamship company which carried him. This regulation does not apply to domestics or servants who accompany their masters."

Col. Weber said he thought it very likely that Italian passports in future would all contain this timely warning, and that it was also probable that the people of Italy would be made thoroughly acquainted with the immigration law as it will continue to be administered here. The warning, he thought, was a result of the work of the department in rigidly debarring undesirable Italian immigrants, and the class of Italians coming here in the future, Col. Weber said, would undoubtedly be greatly improved.

Thirteen Italians were debarred yesterday, ten from the steamship Alesia and two from the Alexandria. Five were ex-convicts, one of whom had killed a boy in Italy. A second stabbed a man and was imprisoned and a third was found guilty of arson. Two were convicted of assault. The others were liable to become public charges.

WILL ASK GERMANY TO EXPLAIN

She Should Not be Allowed to Send Her Crazy Murderers Here.

NEW YORK, April 24.—A German named Nicholas Bader yesterday tried to pass the examination at the immigrant landing bureau in the most barefaced violation of the laws of the country, for it came out that he not only had no money or friends, but that he had been convicted of murdering a girl in Germany, and afterwards had been confined 24 years in an insane asylum. He is 59 years old, and hails from Stanzock, Germany. In 1864 he killed a girl with whom he had been infatuated. He finally admitted that he was released from the asylum a little over a year ago, and asked to be sent to America.

He makes an affidavit to the effect that the German authorities paid his expenses to this country. The affidavit will be sent to the Treasury department with the suggestion that the German authorities be called upon to explain their action. He will be returned at once.

ARE COMING BY THE THOUSAND.

The Spring Tide of Immigration Continues Large.

NEW YORK, April 24.—The spring tide of immigration continues unusually large. To-day there are 3,177 immigrants to be landed at the Barge office. The steamer Waesland, from Antwerp, brought 1,433; the Spree, 455 from Bremen; the Wisconsin, 648 from Liverpool, and the Saale, 761 from Bremen.

Among the passengers landed at the barge office from the steamer Wisconsin were 80 Mormons in charge of two elders, en route for Utah. This is the first batch of Mormons arriving here under the new immigration law which excludes polygamists.

ENGLISH AND IRISH ARE COMING.

Another Thousand Strangers Landed on Our Shores.

BOSTON, April 27.—The steamship Cephalonia, which arrived yesterday, brought 1,259 passengers, 1,163 of whom were in the steerage. This is the largest passenger list entered in Boston this season, and a remarkable thing about it is the fact that all but two were English and Irish. These two were Scandinavians. Fifty of the immigrants are booked for the West and 25 for New York. The remainder will settle in New England.

A BIG TUNNEL

To Be Built Under the Detroit River at Detroit.

CHICAGO, April 28.—At a secret meeting held in the parlors of the Crawford House at Detroit last Saturday, an organization was perfected for the purpose of building a tunnel under the Detroit river from Detroit to Windsor, on the Canada shore.

The organization formed will be known as the Michigan and Canadian Tunnel company, but the Michigan Central railroad company is the real party in interest, and will furnish the money to back the enterprise. Among the interested parties present at the Detroit meeting were D. O. Mills, the New York capitalist; James Ross of Montreal; George Bliss of Morton, Bliss & Co., New York; Gen. George S. Field of New York, and Andrew Onderdonk of Chicago.

Mr. Onderdonk, who has just returned from Detroit says, of the results of the meeting: "Work will begin next Thursday from the Detroit end of the tunnel, and will be carried forward as rapidly as possible. Several months will be consumed in preliminary work, and the actual work of excavation will probably not be reached until along into the summer. The tunnel, when completed, will be the only double track tunnel under water on the continent. It will be 8,000 feet long and will have openings at each end of 1,000 feet. The grades will be easy. The contract time for the completion of the work is two and a half years.

JACK THE RIPPER IN NEW YORK.

His Bloody Trail Found in One of the City's Low Resorts.

NEW YORK, April 24.—Jack the Ripper has come to New York at last. His handiwork is so plain in a murder committed this morning in the East River Hotel, a low resort on the southwest corner of Catherine Slip and Water street, that there seems to be no room for doubt.

Who he is, what he is, where he came from and why he murdered the woman who is the victim no one knows as yet. The woman's name is not even known. She is known about the neighborhood as one of the lot of half drunken creatures who hang about the bad resorts by the waterside.

It was 10:45 o'clock last night that the man came into the hotel and registered —they do register in the hotel—as Kuleloi and wife. He and the woman took a room on an upper floor, and went to it at once. Nothing was seen of either of them during the night. No cry or unusual noise was heard. This morning the attendant rapped on the door of the room occupied by the couple. No answer came. He rapped again with no better result and finally broke the door in.

An awful sight met his eye. On the bed lay the woman in a mire of blood. She had been dead for hours. Her abdomen had been fairly ripped open with a dull, broken table knife that lay in the blood. The viscera had been cut, and from appearances a part was missing. The man had escaped. A very imperfect description of him was given to the police, and they went to work on it with the utmost secrecy and speed. Little leaked out except that the murderer was a man about 32 years old and shabbily dressed.

Decided Not to Strike.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 28.—Eben Howell, state secretary of the Illinois Federation, has received word from President Corings, of Columbus, O., that the executive board had declared off the general strike of coal miners for eight hours on May 1. The real trouble in this district is one of wages. The miners are now paid 62½ cents a ton, but the operators say they cannot afford to pay over 50 cents, and there is certain to be trouble in the mines in this vicinity if the reduction is made.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A STRANGE CASE.

The Wife of Banker Barnaby the Victim of a Deadly Scheme—Mr. H. B. Winship Talks but Don't Explain.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 27.—Mr. Henry B. Winship, financial head of the J. B. Barnaby company, in speaking of Mrs. Barnaby's death, which was caused yesterday by her drinking poisoned whisky from a bottle sent to her by some unknown person, says:

"There was a murder. In my judgment the motive of gain inspired it. A mother's life is safe in her daughters' keeping, especially when one daughter is in France and one in Montana. I believe the poisoner who sent that bottle of poison knew more about the victim than any stranger could learn by hearsay. It is simply preposterous to consider it a deep mystery. The crime lays between people the number of whom I could count on the fingers of one hand. I am a trustee for the Barnaby estate and have got a little money of my own to punish the dastardly perpetrator of that crime. We will spend every dollar in our hands."

MISS GABRIELLE GREELEY MARRIED.

The Crank, Alfred L. Banks, Did Not Appear.

PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y., April 23.—Miss Gabrielle Greeley, daughter of the late Horace Greeley, founder of the New York *Tribune*, was married at 10 o'clock this morning to the Rev. Frank Montrose Clendennin at St. John's Protestant Episcopal church. The Rev. R. T. Hall, the rector of the church, officiated. The church was crowded with well known people from New York and other cities, as well as with residents of Pleasantville, Chappaque, Horace Greeley's old home, and the surrounding villages.

All are warm friends of Miss Greeley, and her sincere well-wishers. There is probably no woman in Westchester county, young or old, who is more highly esteemed than the bride of to-day. She has led a quiet and unostentatious life since the death of her father. Much of her time has been devoted to doing good among all who needed her aid, and she has won the very appropriate title of the "Lady Abbess." She has been the patron saint of the sick and poor of Chappaqua. The Rev. Thomas McKee Brown, of the church of St. Mary the Virgin, of New York city, an intimate personal friend, gave the bride away. The maid of honor was Miss Chamberlain, of New York. Rev. Alexander McMillan, assistant at St. Peter's church, of Westchester, of which Mr. Glendenin is the rector, acted as best man. Alfred H. Banks, the crank who thought he was the groom, did not put in an appearance.

THE HOLLIDAY SALOON BILL

The Ohio Senator Passes a Bill to Keep Children Out of Saloons.

COLUMBUS, April 23.—(Special.)—The Halliday bill which passed the Senate yesterday, in an amended form, provides that it shall be unlawful for any minor under 21 years of age to enter a saloon, unless accompanied by his parents or guardian, under a penalty of fine and imprisonment. The keeper of any place where intoxicating liquors are sold is prohibited under like penalty from permitting any person under 18 years of age to enter and remain in such place.

This morning Senator Brown filed a protest against the ruling of the President in declaring the bill passed, on the ground that it received nineteen votes, one of which was cast by Lieutenant Governor Anderson, who by virtue of his election as a member of congress, was ineligible to vote in the Ohio Senate after March 4 last. The protest was spread upon the journal.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

The Printers' Proof Presented to the Mt. Vernon Association.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23.—The proof of Washington's farewell address, which is particularly valuable because of the corrections written on it by the first President himself, has been presented by Mr. George W. Childs to the Mt. Vernon association, and in a few days it will be placed among the other treasures at Washington's old Virginia home.

Anna Dickinson Delivers a Sensational Lecture.

NEW YORK, April 27.—Miss Anna Dickinson spoke to a small audience at the Broadway theater last night. She opened her address upon "Personal Liberty" with a violent attack upon the Republican party, and with bitter words against various persons prominent in public life. The personal characteristics were in many instances repugnant to decency, and like the muffled orchestra chairs arose, and with their escorts left the theater. Miss Dickinson paid little or no attention to these defections. She frequently punctuated her utterances by appealing to her hearers with this question: "Well, folks do you think I am insane?" She spoke of the postmaster-general as "Merciful Heaven" Wanamaker. This queer remark was received with hisses and many of the ladies left the opera-house. She dwelt at great length upon what she termed the private character of Mr. Wanamaker and J. S. Clarkson, but her imprisonment at the Danville insane asylum was her chief theme. She declared that it was a conspiracy of J. S. Clarkson, Colonel W. W. Dudley and Senator Quay.

Ground Broken for the Monument at Grant's Grave.

NEW YORK, April 27.—Amidst the plaudits of thousands of citizens, the blare of trumpets, the beating of drums, the booming of cannon, the melody of childrens' voices and the eloquence of orators, ground was broken to-day for the monument which is to be raised at the tomb at Riverside Park, where rests all that is mortal of the greatest of the heroes of the war of the rebellion—the Immortal Grant.

They Deny the Poverty Story.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23.—Lieutenant Thackara says that while Miss Elizabeth Sherman, and her sister, would accept the $100,000 fund because it was to be given as a token of the subscribers' love for Gen. Sherman, the publication in the New York papers that Gen. Sherman was an improvident man, has caused the family much annoyance. The family say that Gen. Sherman left sufficient means for his unmarried daughters.

The Strike at Jackson Park.

CHICAGO, April 24.—The strike at Jackson park is over for the present, and all the men needed are at work. At the meeting last night the handful of men who attended were notified that their effort to secure higher pay and shorter hours of labor was a failure, and they were advised to abandon the strike for the present, form an organization, and make another attempt a fortnight or a month hence.

Philip L. Moen Dead.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 24.—Philip L. Moen, president of the Washburne & Moen Manufacturing company, died at his home in this city late yesterday afternoon. He suffered a stroke of apoplexy several days ago, and never rallied. He was born in Wilna, N. Y., November 18, 1824, and has been connected with the wire works in this city forty-five years. He leaves a widow and three children. He was one of the Blaine electors in 1884.

Indicted for Jury Bribing.

NEW ORLEANS, April 27.—The grand jury has returned indictments for attempted jury bribing against Ferdinand Armand, counsel for Charles Bartorno, one of the eight prisoners who escaped the massacre, and Charles Granger, who is said to be an employe of the Louisiana Lottery company. Both men were arrested and released on bail.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

The Presidential Party on the Pacific Coast.

INDIO, Cal., April 22.—The Presidential party entered the state of California at Fort Yuma at 4:50 o'clock this morning. The President was presented with a large quantity of beautiful flowers and fruits. The entire party was asleep at the time, so they did not see the presentation committee. When the President's party reached Indio, at 8:15 o'clock, it was received by a large and influential delegation, including Gov. Markham and staff, ex-Gov. Perkins, Senator Felton, Judge Van Viiet, of Sacramento; S. M. White, of Los Angeles; Col. C. F. Crocker, vice president of the Southern Pacific railroad, and Mr. Stump, chairman of the Republican committee. The governor and party left here in company with the President at 8:50 a. m. for Los Angeles.

Greeted in Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 23.—At no place visited by the President since his departure from Washington, has President Harrison been accorded heartier or more hospitable welcome than at Los Angeles, at which place his flower-laden car arrived yesterday afternoon, promptly on schedule time.

THE PRESIDENT AT PASADENA.

Mr. Harrison's Address—Proud of His Hoosier State.

PASADENA, Cal., April 24.—At the banquet given by the citizens last night to President Harrison and party, the president's address was as follows:

"Gentlemen, I beg you to accept my thanks for this banquet spread in honor of this community of strangers, who have dropped in upon you to-night. We come to you after dark—I am not therefore prepared to speak of Pasadena.

"When the sun shall have lighted your landscape again and our expectant eyes shall have rested upon its glories, I shall be able to give you my impressions of your city, which I am already prepared to believe is one of the gems in the crown of California [applause]. Perhaps no other place in California has, by name, been more familiar to me than Pasadena, if you except your great commercial city of San Francisco. That comes from the fact that many of your early settlers were Indiana friends. I am glad to meet some of these friends here to-night.

"It is pleasant to renew old acquaintances, to find that they have been received with esteem in this new community. I have found a line of Hoosiers all along these railroads we have been traversing. Everywhere our train has stopped some Hoosier has lifted his hand to me, and often by dozens. As I said the other day, Ohio men identify themselves ever to me by reason of that state being my birth place, but it is not a surprise to me to find an Ohio man anywhere [Laughter.] Ohio people are especially apt to be found in the vicinity of a pulic office [Laughter.]

"I suppose whatever good fortune has come to me in the way of political preferment must be traced to the fact that I am a Buckeye by birth [Laughter], and now I thank you most cordially again for your attention and kindness. California has been full of the most affectionate interest to us. I have never looked into the faces of more happy and more intelligent people than those I have seen on the Pacific coast [Applause.] You occupy the most important position in the sisterhood of states, stretching for these several hundred miles along the Pacific shore.

"You have had fortunate birth, and your history has been a succession of fortunate surprises. You have wrought out here great achievements in converting there plains, that seemed to be so unpromising to the eye, into such gardens as cannot be seen anywhere else upon the continent. [Applause.] And now when I remind you that bed time was 10 o'clock last night, and the reveille sounded at 6 o'clock this morning on our car, I am sure you will permit me to say good-night." [Applause.]

In Santa Barbara.

SANTA BARBARA, Cal., April 25.—After leaving Pasadena the President's train stopped for a few minutes at San Fernando, where the President was introduced to a crowd at the station by Mr. Wm. H. Hawks, formerly of Indiana, and made a short speech. A beautiful arch of evergreens had been erected over the railroad track in his honor and the ladies loaded his car with Spanish bayonets and other flowers.

SPENT A QUIET SABBATH.

The Presidential Party on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 27.—All through California the Presidential trip has been marked by the profusion of flowers tendered and the universal good feeling exhibited. The Presidential party spent a very quiet Sabbath. The President and Mrs. Harrison accompanied Mayor Sanderson and Mrs. Sanderson to the First Presbyterian church. The remainder of the day the President spent in his room at the Palace hotel. A number of persons called during the day, but he generally asked to be excused, on the ground that he needed rest after the fatiguing efforts of the last two weeks.

The postmaster general addressed the Calvary Sunday-school at noon, and in the afternoon he addressed the Young Men's Christian association. All the ladies of the party drove to the residence of Senator and Mrs. Stanford in the afternoon.

The President had a conference with Brig. Gen. Ruger in regard to the lynching of the murderer at Walla Walla, Wash., by a party of soldiers last Friday night, and subsequently the President sent the following telegram to the secretary of War at Washington:

"The affair at Walla Walla is very discreditable to army discipline. If there is reason, as appears, that the mob was composed of soldiers, you will order a court of inquiry, and see that the responsibility for the disgrace is fixed, and that the guilty are brought to a prompt trial. BENJ. HARRISON."

SAN FRANCISCO, April 27.—On receipt of a dispatch from Cincinnati this morning concerning intelligence of the improvement of Mrs. Eaton, sister of President Harrison, it was announced on behalf of the President that the programme of entertainment arranged for to-day and the remainder of the week would be observed unless other and less favorable news of Mrs. Eaton's condition should be received.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE OCEAN.

The Marine Excursion a Great Treat to the Travelers.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 28.—The morning of President Harrison's marine excursion opened with a fog enveloping the shores of the bay; but, as the forenoon wore on the fog lifted and left the harbor sparkling in sunlight.

Along the water front numerous decorations, which had been placed on the house and shipping on the day of the President's arrival here, were retouched and replenished, and many vessels not previously decorated have strings of flags fluttering in the wind.

The yacht clubs of San Francisco, Sausalito, Tiburon and neighboring towns had also decked their boat-houses and vessels, which did much to enliven the scene in the vicinity of the Golden Gate.

The Ohio Republican Convention Called to Meet in Columbus.

COLUMBUS, April 25.—The state Republican committee met last night at the Lincoln league rooms. Columbus was selected as the place of holding the state convention without much opposition. Springfield made a fight to secure it, and got only six votes. The date will be June 16 and 17. This will leave a little over four months for campaign work. Hon Robert M. Nevins was selected as temporary chairman. A resolution was adopted asking Ohio's "big four"—Sherman, Foster, McKinley and Foraker—to address the convention.

Ingersoll Is Ill.

NEW YORK, April 27.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is confined to his bed, seriously sick with the grip, at his home.

THE INDIA TROUBLE.

The Manipuris Would Not Treat for Peace and the Soldiers Burned Twelve of Their Villages to the Ground.

SIMLA, April 24.—Information has reached here that the British columns advancing on Manipur, under Gens. Lockhart and Turner, to-day reached a large native senttlement situated in the Bhagri valley. The British force halted when within sight of the settlement, and sent scouts forward to inform the Manipuris that the British generals were awaiting proposals of peace from the insurgent tribes. The rebels however, refused to answer this peaceable suggestion and consequently the British troops were ordered to advance.

The British columns pushed forward and burned twelve villages which had been occupied by the rebels.

The latter in great force retreated to the hills. The British force then shelled the hills with sharpnel shells, killing and wounding large numbers of the enemy. The latter is now believed to have been completely cowed.

SIMLA, April 28.—Dispatches received here from the British columns advancing on Manipur confirm the report that the regent of Manipur (the jobraj, or heir to the throne, who, with Sennaputty, or commander-in-chief, deposed their brother, the Maharajah of Manipur), has fled to the hills, in company with the prominent chiefs who assisted him in the revolt.

The dispatches received here yesterday stated that the British troops were within ten miles of Imphal, the capital of Manipur, and that Imphal was to be taken if possible, by assault at 5 o'clock this morning.

The British column, which was recently at Silchar (also known as Cachar), has engaged and utterly routed the enemy at Bissepur.

It is not expected that there will be any further opposition of a serious nature offered to the advance of the British forces.

FUNERAL OF COUNT VON MOLTKE.

Brief Services—The Streets Lined With People.

BERLIN, April 28.—The funeral services over the remains of Field Marshal Count von Moltke took place at 11 o'clock this morning in the ballroom of the general staff building, in which building the veteran died, and where his body has been lying in state. Emperor William, the King of Saxony, the Grand Dukes of Baden, Saxe-Weimar and Hesse, the principal members of the royal family of Germany, together with leading German generals, were present. The services lasted 45 minutes.

The casket containing the great field marshal's remains was then carried, with much ceremony, to the state hearse, which was drawn by six of the emperor's horses. After passing through streets lined with troops and packed with spectators, the remains arrived at the Lehrte station at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and were placed upon a railroad car draped in black, which was there in waiting.

Along the route of the procession to the railroad station the hearse was preceded by Col. Gossler, carrying Count von Moltke's field marshal baton, and by all the officers of the general staff, carrying the insignia and orders conferred on Count von Moltke during the course of his distinguished career.

The casket was covered with large numbers of floral wreathes sent from all parts of Germany, and from many parts of Europe.

Emperor William, the members of the royal families of Germany and the German generals followed the hearse to the railroad station.

PORTUGAL DOESN'T WANT TO FIGHT

England Has Made the Government Back Down.

LONDON, April 27.—Portugal has escaped war for the present, by surrender to England's demands. Lord Salisbury prepared to defend England's claims in Africa by force, leaving Portugal to accept such action as a declaration of war. If she should do so, the course of Portugal in refusing admission by the Pungwe route to the intending passengers of the Pioneer line river steamers was clearly a violation of the Anglo-Portugese agreement, which guaranteed the free navigation of rivers, and rights of transit through Portugese territory.

The patience displayed by Great Britain under the aggressions of the Portuguese appears to have encouraged the Boers to similar aggressions. Expeditions have been organized in the Transvaal to enter Mashonaland, and found a Boer republic in the territory of the British South Africa company. Upon the fact becoming known, an imperial proclamation was at once issued, declaring that any attempt to establish autonomous government in that country would be regarded as an aggression against British interests, and an infringement of the rights of the British South Africa company, and would be resisted. Since this proclamation the Boer leaders have determined to give up any idea of a new republic. Portugal then published a statement that no more opposition would be made to the British ingress.

RECENT DARDANELLES INCIDENT.

Turkey and Russia May Yet Get Into a Squabble.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 27.—The note of the Russian ambassador, M. Nelig-off, in regard to the detention by the Ottoman authorities on April in the Dardanelles of the steamship Nishni-Novogorod, belonging to the Russian volunteer fleet, which vessel was being used under the mercantile flag as a transport for military workmen proceeding to Vladivostock to be employed in the construction of the trans-Siberian railway, has caused great alarm in Turkish official circles. The Russian ambassador declared that the embassy will be forced to be compelled to take idependent measures to assure the unimpeded passage of Russian merchant vessels through the Dardanelles. The Porte in replying to M. Neligoff said that should the Russian embassador's remarks be carried out, other powers might feel called upon to take the matter into consideration.

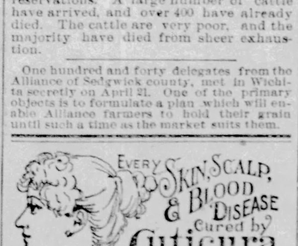
Won by Balmaceda's Forces.

BUENOS AYRES, April 27.—The Balmaceda party has achieved a signal victory over the insurgents by sinking the Blanco Encalada with a torpedo-boat, in the harbor of Valparaiso. The vessel was destroyed and about 250 insurgents sunk with her. The insurgents had made an attack on the harbor forts, but retired when the crack iron-clad was blown up.

Cattle Dying.

DENISON, Tex., April 25.—The mortality is very great among the cattle recently purchased in Southwest Texas, for the Kiowa, Arapahoe and Commanche reservations. A large number of cattle have arrived, and over 400 have already died. The cattle are very poor, and the majority have died from sheer exhaustion.

One hundred and forty delegates from the Alliance of Sedgwick county, met in Wichita secretly on April 21, the object of the primary objects is to formulate a plan which will enable Alliance farmers to hold their grain until such a time as the market suits them.



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, with a humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous or hereditary, is speedily, permanently and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA the great SKIN CURE, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing, and incomparable efficacy.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 30c.

BLAINE WON'T RUN.

The Secretary of State is About to Write a Letter Declining to be a Candidate for President in 1892.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 28.—(Special.)—The *News-Press*, of which Mr. Hinchley, formerly of the New York *Graphic*, is editor, publishes this morning the following: "Stephen B. Elkins is authority for a statement made to a representative of the *News-Press*, to the effect that James G. Blaine would shortly announce his decision not, under any circumstances, to allow his name to be used at the next Republican national convention as a candidate for President. It is said that Mr. Blaine's letter, or announcement, will be so positive as to admit of but one construction —and that is, that he will never again be a candidate for the Presidency."

The Hon. Smith M. Weed, although a Democrat, has certain business relations with men of prominence who are Republicans, and he also has said two or three times lately, that when the time came Mr. Blaine would be found positively declining the nomination.

"Mr. Weed has been so outspoken on this subject recently," the *News-Press* says, "when talking to his friends, as to give the impression that his information was as direct as that of Mr. Elkins, who is known to be Mr. Blaines' intimate friend and closest political adviser.

"Mr. W. J. Arkell, editor and proprietor of *Judge*, and whose associate in the ownership of *Frank Leslie's* is Russell B. Harrison, also says that Mr. Blaine is about to come out with a most positive refusal to allow his name to be used again in connection with the presidency. In fact, Mr. Arkell expects soon to be permitted to publish the full text of Mr. Blaine's letter on the subject."

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL GRANT.

The Wife of the Dead Hero Greeted with Enthusiastic Applause.

NEW YORK, April 28.—The annual dinner in commemoration of the birthday of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant was given last night at Delmonico's. All the guests were seated at round tables, in the center of which were banks of flowers, over which were placed inscriptions indicative of the character of the great hero. One was "Tender Hearted," another "Uncomplaining," others "Home Loving," "Faithful" and "Unobtrusive."

At one end of the banquet hall were life size portraits of Gens. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan and President Lincoln.

A notable feature of the dinner was the appearance of Mrs. Grant in the gallery, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, and her child; Miss E. L. Elverson, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Gen. C. H. T. Collis, Mrs. Fred Conkling and Hamilton Fish.

When the party appeared in the gallery, after the toast to the memory of Grant was drank in silence, the gentlemen present all stood up and greeted the wife of the great soldier with applause.

A handsome Russian leather menu, on which was an ivory tablet, with the picture of General Grant on it, together with a bronze medal, which was struck off at the mint in Philadelphia by Superintendent O. C. Boskyshell, were presented to each guest. The Hon. Joseph L. Choate presided, and on his right and left were Hon. William M. Everett and Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. Among those at the other tables were General Grant's old friend, Minister Romero, of Mexico; he was the first man to aid Gen. Grant financially after the failure of Grant & Ward. Hon. John W. Noble, Gen. Swayne, Hon. John A. Sleicher, H. O. Armour, Hon. C. S. Brice, George M. Pullman, C. W. Armour, C. N. Bliss, Col. William McMichael, S. B. Elkins, John S. Wise and George M. Hodgman.

It was 10 o'clock before Mr. Choate rapped for silence, and then in a few words he spoke of the life and character of Gen. Grant, his many achievements and the object of the celebration, and introduced ex-Senator Evarts, who spoke to the toast of "The Day We Celebrate."

The first annual dinner of the Harlem Republican club was given last night at the Metropolitan hotel, in honor of the birthday of the late Gen. Grant. The seats at the speakers' table were reserved for the following: Gen. Dyrenforth, Gen. Bussey, Hon. J. C. Spooner, Gen. Geo. A. Sheridan, John Wise, of Virginia, and Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree. Of those sending regrets were Hon. J. S. Clarkson.

THE IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRY.

Annual Report of the Association Made Public.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23.—The annual statistical report of the American Iron and Steel association has just been published. This week's bulletin of the association says:

"We now present the exact record, as shown by our annual report, of the production of leading articles of iron and steel in the United States in 1890, in which year we attained the best record in the production of iron and steel that has ever been made by any country. Not even Great Britain has ever achieved such remarkable results in the production of iron and steel in one year as were accomplished in this country in 1890. And to show how marvellous was our own growth in production in that year we give in comparison the statistics for 1888 and 1889, each of which was regarded at its close as a remarkably active year. Our statistics are in net tons:

Net tons of 2,000 pounds (except nails).	1888.	1889.	1890.
Pig iron, including spiegel	7,998,507	8,516,079	10,307,028
Spiegeleisen	54,769	85,823	149,162
Bessemer steel ingots	2,812,500	3,281,829	4,131,535
Bessemer steel rails	1,552,631	1,691,564	2,091,973
Open hearth steel ingots	352,036	419,488	574,820
Open hearth steel rails	5,261	3,346	4,018
Crucible steel ingots	78,713	84,909	79,716
Rolled iron, except rails	2,207,402	2,576,127	2,804,829
Rolled steel, except rails	1,701,885	1,584,364	1,820,247
Iron rails	14,232	10,258	13,548
Pig scrap and ore blooms	80,875	86,260	90,788
Kegs of iron cut nails	2,170,107	1,778,082	1,806,130
Kegs of steel cut nails	4,323,484	4,032,676	3,834,816
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